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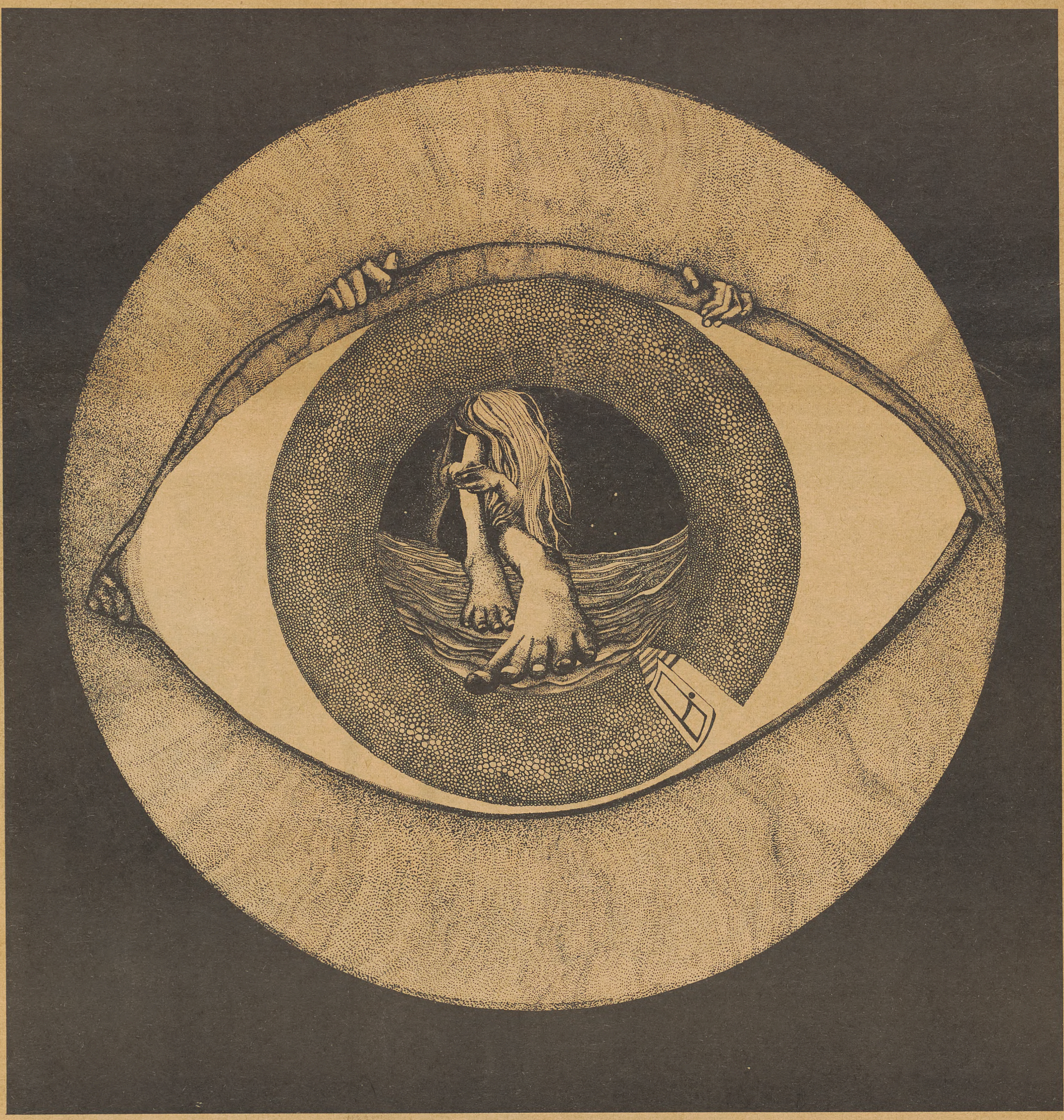

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PERFORMING FOR THE REVOLUTION · ned chaillet

(REVIEWING THE SEARCH FOR POLITICAL THEATRE)

SPRING I-1970

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At the time of the Cambodian invasion, the Bread and Puppet Theater was in the middle of a week of performances at the University of Maryland in College Park. Following their performance of "Fire" at a tent on the mall on April 30, news of the invasion was announced to the audience. There was an additional chill to the announcement, since "Fire" is a particularly harrowing evocation of the fire of self-immolation in the Vietnamese war.

The following day, May Day, violence erupted on campuses across the country in direct response to the escalation of the Indo-China War and as an absurdist tribute to Nixon's sense of timing. At Maryland, speakers at a rally urged the takeover of the Air Force ROTC Armory and the Bread and Puppets performed "A Man Says Goodbye To His Mother". The rally turned into a march of several thousand students on the army and from the center of the crowd the steady drumming of the Bread and Puppets' drum could be heard.

During the rest of the day, students sacked the ROTC offices and seized control of nearby U.S.1 in College Park. While thousands of students danced in the streets, the Bread and Puppets extended the impromptu Festival of Life back to the campus mall where they performed "The Pageant of the Crucifixion" and several short pieces including "The Dead Man Rises".

A few weeks later, after the FBI began its investigation of the disturbances, an agent spoke to a staff member of the university daily newspaper. In his talk with the staffer he accused the Bread and Puppets, guests of Maryland's Free State Theatre at a Radical Theatre Festival, of being communist provocateurs who had visited the university to provoke confrontation and violence.

When the staffer protested that the violence was more probably in response to Nixon's invasion of Cambodia, the agent agreed that there might be some relation. "But," he added, "they would have done it anyway; it was May Day, wasn't it?"

The charge of provocation circulated, high administration officials at the university gave it currency and a custodian repeated the charges to an English instructor. However, the FBI never did make public any charges against the Bread and Puppets; it appears that their enthusiastic search for an outside agitator didn't bring any fruit at Maryland. It may be that the FBI's opinion has circulated in Washington, since the Smithsonian Institution had invited the Bread and Puppet Theatre to perform at one of the museums this year, and the performance was cancelled. It's probably significant that the university administration and the FBI should consider theatre a revolutionary force.

It's significant, too, that other universities should consider theatrical performances revolutionary acts. Irving Wainer, a colleague of Chicago Conspiracy veteran John Froines in the chemistry department at the University of Oregon, was relieved of his job as a research assistant in the department because of his performances in guerilla theatre. According to the university he participated five times in guerilla theatre pieces that University of Oregon president Robert Clark termed "disruptive."

Specifically he was charged with, "Knowingly and willingly interfering with the legitimate functions of the University of Oregon". Presumably, his role as a member of the "People's ROTC", which led a mock attack on the campus ROTC building, was a prime example of his "interference". One might well argue the question of ROTC as a legitimate function, but it seems rather astonishing that Weiner should be punished for his participation in a theatrical "mock" attack while participants in serious and damaging real attacks should go largely unpunished at the same university. Perhaps it says something about the conspicuous character of theatre and the nature of violent revolution.

Although "The Man" is beginning to see theatre as revolutionary, militant students and other radicals do not seem certain that any theatre has more than an entertainment value, even if they think it should. Even though some SDS groups have their own Radical Arts Theatre troupes, they seem to take a back seat to rhetoric and are used more as a prayer before a battle, as a sort of spiritual interlude at rallies. Theatre performances don't seem to linger as long as speeches in the radical histories, while theatrical acts, on the contrary, do linger and contribute greatly to the mythos of the revolution.

All the histories of the student revolution seem bound to include Mark Rudd's famous pie-in-the-face of the director of New York City's selective service system, Colonel Paul Akst, just prior to the student takeover of Columbia University. At least as important for the street people, and often referred to in print is the throwing of money at the New York Stock Exchange and Abby Hoffman's American flag shirt at the HUAC hearings on the Chicago riots.

Fire

These theatrical actions are revolutionary acts.

Revolutionary acts and revolutionary theatre are quite seperate in the minds of many militants, and are seen to have different functions in the revolution. Revolutionary theatre may be seen as an educational tool, or as a key to morale preparedness, but theatrical acts of revolution are seen to enhance the revolution through memorable confrontation.

The authorities don't seem to see a difference, except that some theatre may be more readily prosecuted than other.

I mention these differing points of view because, where the authorities sought to blsme the Bread and Puppets for Maryland's riots, the history of the riots as printed in the "Radical Guidebook to the University of Maryland" makes no mention of the theatre. Similarly, the Radical Guidebook makes no mention of Free State Theatre's performance of a ritual burial at a commemoration service for the dead of Kant State and Jackson State Colleges, while it refers to the speeches made that day. The establishment media, on the contrary, broadcast lengthy films of the theatre piece with over-voice commentary on the day's events.

It may be that the authorities and the media are used to speeches and rhetoric and know how to deal with their effect, that is, ignore or control it, while unannounced theatre and overtly revolutionary theatre is free to work changes on an audience because defences against theatre are less complete than defences against words. It may also be that many radicals deem rhetoric more important than theatre because rhetoric is supposed to lead to direct action, while theatre is more likely to lead indirectly to action after working through several levels of the mind.

If that proves true, revolutionary theatre artists should consider how best to work through the mind.

In Free State Theatre's labaratory, "The Affliction", a work based on the Salem Witch Trials and being performed at the time of the Kent State killings, there were three places in the performance that were subject to change each evening. One of these was the self-indictements performed by three characters thrust, as witches, into jail. Although the characters were fixed into roles for the development of the piece, the self-indictements were not indictements of the characters, but of the performers. Each performer was instructed to search through his or her mind to find a reason for their incarceration; a real reason, a genuine guilt, and to confess it.

Generally, the confessions changed little, sometime they were about the performer in performance, sometimes failure to love or communicate and generally the search was clearly incomplete, but two days after Kent State, at the final performance of "The Affliction", actress Sandra Occhipinti found her confession and eloquently stated it.

Sandra was able to evoke, from the wooden floor of her "cell", the tear gas coated grass on the mall at the University of Maryland; and in evoking that, she invoked the blood stained grass at Kent State. Her failure, her guilt, was revealed as a failure of spirit and will in the face of opposition. It was a failure, which, at that moment, touched nearly every spectator and performer. Her incarceration was justified, not becuase of anything she had done, but becuase of her failure to do anything. "There's talk", she said, "of putting bodies on the line". And she invoked four incontrovertible lives that had been put on the line two days before. The reality of those dead was conveyed in a way that no amount of exposure in the cool medium of television could convey.

At another point in the performance, the performers generally moved among the audience and played games with the spectators. Through tic-tac-toe and imaginary ball tossing and through exchanging imaginary tokes on an imaginary joint the audience was given a break from its stiff function as observor and was permitted, to some degree, to join in the action. But their participation was not bought easy, for by participating in the action, they began to share responsibility for the development of the piece and indirectly they became executioners when the next witch was tortured and killed.

(CONTINUED)

At the final performance, the audience took no role in the action, they were limited to observation while the performers, like children, began to play "Mother May I?" Mother may I "take a step?", Mother may I "be a soldier?", Mother May I "have a gun?", Mother May I "kill?", Mother May I "Kill?", Mother May I "KILL?".

At the close of the performance it was normal to read a list of those currently being persecuted for their present day "witchcraft" against society. The list changed somewhat each day, depending on the news, but the performers' names were randomlyinterspersed among such names as Eldridge Cleaver, Rennie Davis, Roger Priest, Cathy Boudin, and, controversially, Charles Manson. At the final performance, however, the names read were those of the four dead at Kent State, and they were read over ,and over, and over until it was so oppressive that they could be read no more.

In the tension of those days, Free State Theatre was not able to perform again inside. Even before the final performance of "The Affliction", the group had moved outside to work among the people. At a rally on May 4, called to protest the Cambodian invasion, Free State Theatre began an event by moving slowly, painfully slowly through a crowd of several thousand people.

A single actor, draped with a chain, moved first through the crowd. He was folowed by a line of "people" marching abreast with a few feet distance between each performer. The leader had painted his face deadly white and slashes of red color marked the white. Each of the performers following him had an unmarked white face.

When all the performers were in the middle of the crowd, and the crowd had moved to the sides, the leader turned and slowly drew red slashes across the face of the nearest performer following him. The performer crumbled slowly to her knees and remained kneeling while the line of performers continued its slow progress up the mall. The leader slowly overtook the next performer and repeated the slashes across the face until that performer, too, was kneeling . The leader then continued slowly overtaking and slashing the face of each performer until all the performers were kneeling, their faces slashed with red.

The leader returned to the first of his victims, unwrapped the chain he wore, and placed the victim's hand on the chain. The victim slowly rose and they moved slowly to each of the other victims, who were then joined to the chain until all the victims were chained to one end of the chain and the leader, chained at the other end, slowly led them through the crowd and away from the mall. As they moved through the crowd, still painfully slow, there was absolute silence and at least one observor quietly removed his hat as the performers passed.

The observors of this event refused to allow the rally to continue for several minutes, silencing the speaker each time he tried to bring them back to the speeches. When the performers were out of sight, the rally was allowed to continue. Later that day, several thousand students again took over Route I.

Free State Theatre was "thanked" by radical organizers for its performance, but was asked to do faster events, preferably with a lot of noise, the "next time".

At that point, Free State Theatre had different ideas about radical effectiveness, and didn't belive additional noise, added to the noise of the rallies and the riots, would increase radical consciousness. Earlier in the year, when the campus was quiet, apathetic and fragmented, Free State Theatre's guerilla performances were boisterous, shocking and explicit. When the campus became boisterous, the performances grew quiet. Unconsciously, the group had decided that as many levels as possible must be kept functioning in each mind. At some point, overt confrontation had become less important than depth of consciousness.

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SPRING II-1970

The utter pervasiveness of the revolutionary consciousness among artists came to me, not in performances by radical theatre groups, or through the music of the movement; not even in the highly theatrical confrontations of the streets, but in a performance before a largely bourgeois audience at the Washington Theatre Club.

The Theatre Club established its reputation several years ago by performing moderately experimental, primarily absurd theatre pieces when no one else in Washington was performing them. By careful cultivation of its audiences it built up a base that permitted competition with the established Arena Stage, and then went on to specialize in productions of new plays and area premieres of successful minor plays. There is little true experimentation, but the middle class audiences that support the theatre seem generally happy.

Last season's new plays produced only one critically acknowledged success, a comedy by Oliver Hailey called "Continental Divide." The play broke no new ground, it was once again the confrontation between American wealth and American country ways, and once again, what dignity there was belonged to the country. But there was precious little dignity in this play. The characters, though not directly lifted from "The Beverly Hillbillies" or "Green Acres," had the same cartoon quality of simplification.

Performing for the city were wealthy Lucille and Cullum, parents of an unseen daughter who was engaged to the not-so-bright son of Arkansas garbage hauler Mr. John and his wife Mae who represent the country. The essential plot line hinges on the confrontation of Lucille and Cullum with Mr. John and Mae in Cullum's estate on Long Island. Cullum assumes various characteristics of a weak, witty New Yorker, while Lucille is revealed as a poor girl who married well (was that pregnancy an accident?) but finds herself dissatisfied with her achievement. Mae is a country girl, simple, but with the ambition to "never again be poor" and her husband Mr. John is a semi-reformed alcoholic wife murderer who takes an occasional drink but takes a shot at Cullum with each one.

The "collision of cultures" comes through a series of incidents, during which Mr. John puts several bullets into non-vital parts of Cullum and ends with Mr. John taking Lucille back to Arkansas with him while Cullum is left with simple Mae.

Of tangenital interest to the plot is a sub-plot which has the domestic workers of New York taking over several of Manhattan's blocks of luxury apartment buildings. It never directly affects the action of the play, except there it leads Mae to take over some of the domestic chores at Cullum's house while she is a guest there, but it does give one of Cullum's wealthy friends the "decadent" idea for a masquerade party where all the guests are to come as persons of the French Revolution. (The original one, not May, 1968.)

At the end of the play, when Cullum finds himself left with Mae, he tells her about the party and suggests that she go with him. Surveying her rough country clothes, he jokes, "You're already dressed for the revolution." And then, in the last line of the play, comes the snapper. Mae replies, "I thought you'd never notice."

No matter what the audience thought as they laughed at the caricatures of Cullum and Lucille and Mr. John and Mae, this was revealed as a serious play. The author knew what he was trying to do all along. This play was not about a country bumpkin making a fool of himself with liquor, or about Lucille cuckolding her husband with her daughter's boyfriend's father; no, it was about revolution.

The complete failure of the form that Hailey chose could not be evident if you left before the last line, as I was tempted to do several times. I remember genuinely laughing twice in the course of the play. But the fault of the play was not that it wasn't funny, or that it corrupted the dignity of the characters to the point where you could only laugh at them.

The fault was rather that he attempted to reach a bourgeois audience by pandering to it; by offering a television-saccharine coated pill he seemed to feel he could reach his audience with a statement about the shit-storm to come. But all that audience carried out was the taste of saccharine.

I don't intend to deprecate the attempt to reach the middle class, everybody deserves as much warning as they can get. But the form didn't educate, didn't successfully reach the middle class audience, and, in fact, put the revolution back into the joke stage so that those in the audience were probably more prone to discard the revolution as a bit of a naughty giggle. Serious as its purpose was, the play was no more effective a treatment of the revolution than the current spate of television shows about unrestful students.

The failure of the form to reveal anything prevented it from being a successful statement about revolution; the same limitations of the form would prevent it from making a counter-revolutionary statement. To find a comedy form for these times, Hailey needs a grander model than television.

The serious search for a proper theatre form for revolutionary times has been conducted by a relative handful of groups in the last decade. Having Piscator and Brecht as immediate fore-fathers has been of enormous use, but the demands of the times are such that not even Brecht is easily adapted for America's new revolution.

The Living Theatre, the San Francisco Mime Troupe and the Bread and Puppet Theatre were the prime steady forces through the last decade. Newer groups, such as Theatro Campesino, the Playhouse of the Ridiculous, and the Performance Group, along with a few others, have all expanded the possibilities of theatre. Though some of the groups, including the Performance Group, are more cautious about the revolution than, say, the Mime Troupe which is a revolutionary collective; all of these groups, along with Rock Music, have induced the beginning of a revolutionary culture.

The questions about who to perform for, the goal of performance and the effect of performance are still being asked. The old groups have continued to search; the Bread and Puppets perform at Coney Island now, the Mime Troupe is purifying its ideology while still performing in the parks, and Judith Malina and Julian Beck, since desbanding the Living Theatre last year, are apparently in France trying to learn how to perform in factories.

The search will probably go on as long as possible, but not, apparently, at the Washington Theatre Club.

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SUMMER-FALL 1970

During the fall, the Black Panther Party sponsored two sessions of a Revolutionary Peoples' Constitutional Convention. The most recent session, scheduled for Washington last November, assembled but was never convened. The announced convention site at Howard University was withdrawn at the last minute after the Panthers refused to pay a $7,000 rental fee for the facilities, according to Howard officials.

The first session, held in Philadelphia over the Labor Day weekend, was a far more successful meeting in spite of police attacks on the Philadelphia Panthers during the week before the convention. It was a smoothly run plenary session divided into workshops for special interest groups such as Women's Liberation, Use and Control of the Military, Third World people, Education, Revolutionary Artists and others.

Each workshop presented a plank to the convention based on the discussions during the workshop. The Revolutionary Artists agreed on these four points: people

1. We recognize that all people are born with a creative potential and that society must guarantee that every person has the opportunity to develop and express that potential.
2. We recognize that art is the creative expression of a people's culture or way of life.
3. We recognize the right of every people's culture to its own forms of expression and that these forms of expression should be preserved, encouraged and developed.
4. Art should be related to the interests, needs and aspirations of the people.

Underlying these four statements was the general, but not unanimous understanding that to be a revolutionary artist one must also be willing to take up the gun. It's important to know that most of these artists felt that the artist's art alone could not win the revolution.

These four points, and the basic premise that requires the artist to be a revolutionary first, are the sum total of seven hours of heated debate between painters, actors, dancers, writers, musicians and all those that present society is willing to call artists.

While several of the participants discussed themselves and others present as gifted, talented and otherwise seperate from the mainstream of human life, others maintained they were not different from a construction worker or a cook and that they should not be called artists because all people are born artists. Although there was a good deal of debate over whether or not a cook was an artist, it was finally resolved that all people are born with a creative potential.

In fact, though it took hours for that first point to be agreed on, there is nothing more revolutionary in the proposed constitution than the right of every person to develop his or her full creative potential. In addition, that guarantee is much more far reaching than the current entitlement to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

There were artists in the workshop who felt that such a guarantee hopefully would eliminate artists as a class, since each person would create his own art; and though to some degree it might prove true, it is more likely that there would still be those people who choose to be artists and those who choose to be something else, if not bankers, then perhaps technicians. The Balinese people, however, already see, and have long seen, all their people as artists.

What is more impressive, is that for such a guarantee to be written into the revolutionary constitution for a technological society, it must be assumed that the new document will guarantee all people the basic rights to live free from want and oppression and that childhood cultural conditioning will largely be freed from the whims of a Walt Disney and autocratic family structure and that full free development of each child's individual potential will be recognized as necessary to the full development of the new social system.

The second and third points define and protect art as a cultural expression within a society. In the artists' eyes, the new society will not be geared to a majority domination, but to a series of cultures of different peoples interlocking to form a greater culture. The minority cultures are to be guaranteed the right to exist, and not only to exist, but to be "preserved, encouraged and developed". In this, there is no intention to sacrifice the old for the new; in fact, the old should be preserved, but museum cultures are the antithesis of the revolutionary document and the key word is developed.

The intention of the fourth point was to recognize artists as productive workers within a cooperative community. Before the rise of western civilization, the artist was a member of the community; the dances and rituals devised by the proto-artist were deemed necessary in that society. It was necessary to dance for the rain, to possess a carving for fertility, to pass through ceremonies to become a man or a woman. The goal of the revolutionary artists was to produce artists for the new society who will produce art for the people of the new society, as earlier artists had done, without sacrificing the artists personal integrity.

Only in the first point did the revolutionary artists deal with the rights of the " artist". Through its limited proposals, the workshop tried to make clear the belief that, if the needs of each person can be met, the needs of the artist will be met.

But there may be a conflict with the prescription of the fourth point and the needs of the artist. The fourth point was unanimously accepted after long discussions aimed at avoiding prescriptions of "Soviet Realism" or other dictatorial intentions. But, on reflection, the statement that "Art should be related to the interests, etc." indicates that authority will be delegated to the state to determine if art is related to the "interests, needs and aspirations of the people" and since there is no provision protecting the artist's rights as an individual artist, the state could automatically assume full control of all artistic production.

The term "individual" was purposely avoided since it smacks of "petty individualism" and the guarantees of the provision, which protect minority cultures, seemed sufficient at the time to protect individuals. But a major role of the artist has always been to stand as far as possible outside a culture, from Euripides to the present revolutionary artists, to gain a perspective on that culture. Protection of a culture within a state might do much to prevent atrocities such as the persecution of Jews within Russia or the persecution of blacks, Chicanos and Indians in the United States, but without individual protections artists such as Emory Douglass and Ron Cobb, or even Herblock, would be much more vulnerable to retribution for displeasing officials of the state.

Some form of individual protection appears necessary if the document is to offer a viable alternative to the existing constitution, even if it is only a broad statement on censorship that clearly delineates the powers of the state over art and art expression. Perhaps something as simple as "Artistic endeavor shall be permitted free expression unless it interferes with the health and welfare of others" would do. I include the health and welfare section to keep ax murderers and their ilk from being named artists expressing themselves, but surely such a guarantee can be phrased to protect artists from the willful capriciousness of a censor's morality or political slant.

Even as they exist now, however, the concepts which emerged from the workshop are a far cry from the provisions for art in the present constitution which mentions artists only under the section for Powers of Congress when Congress is given the power to "Promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive rights to their respective writings and discoveries."

The power to copyright is a capitalistic power, relevant perhaps where capital gain is the objective. This article for instance, is copyrighted, but totally unimportant in a society with guaranteed social welfare. Certainly writers such as Shakespeare and Bertolt Brecht paid little heed to the exclusivness of other writers' "intellectual property". Meanwhile, Congress has permitted even these powers to be perverted to the extent where a dressmaker is welcome to copyright the peace symbol as part of the "promotion of the progress of science and useful arts" until enough citizens are aroused against the attempt.

No provisions were made for specific arts, primarily because the revolutionaries felt they could not predict the form of the arts to come with the revolution. The goal of the artists' workshop was to help create a document that could project the culture to be created after the revolution. Although other workshops at the convention included, in their planks, suggestions about how to achieve the revolution, the artists felt that the means to the revolution were still being developed and that it was more important to examine the reasons for, and possibilities of, the revolution.

Even so, discussions of artistic revolutionary techniques and tactics took up much of the early part of the meeting. The revolutionary nomadic life-style of the Living Theatre was mentioned as one possibility for survival, even though the Living Theatre has disbanded, and the revolutionary discipline and point-of-view of the San Francisco Mime Troupe was held as a model of revolutionary survival in a capitalistic society. However, when the Mime Troupe was called "the most revolutionary arts cooperative" there was some doubt expressed since the Mime Troupe was not represented at the plenary session. They reportedly did send a few people to the second session.

A number of revolutionary groups and artists was not represented at the Labor Day meeting, and the tentative document is undoubtedly the poorer for it. Many of these unrepresented groups did try to attend the aborted second session of the convention and, due to the complete breakdown of communications at that meeting, few delegates managed to meet and discuss their proposals. Meetings of revolutionary artists have been going on in spite of the problems encountered by many revolutionary groups in the last few months and it seems likely that sometime in the next year or so, revolutionary artists will have a basis for working together.

To paraphrase Marx, the specter of revolutionary artists united in a common cause is apparantly haunting America. It's still to be seen if artists can be a successful revolutionary specter or whether it's necessary, as the artists at the convention seemed to think it might be, to abandon art and become a full-time revolutionary as Mark Rudd abandoned his aspirations to become a playwright. The plays now being written by revolutionaries are being acted out in the streets; the May actions proposed by the Peoples Coalition for Peace and Justice are described as part of a "scenario". **CONTINUED**

Although the questions remain: what form should theatre take, are these revolutionary times truly a time for theatre, and so on, I think it's clear that this may be the only time for radical political theatre; while we're still free to perform politically, with little censorship, and while the consciousness of America is preparing for drastic, perhaps revolutionary, change. It also seems clear that the search for form and the search for audiences can only take place through performance.

If there was a choice any longer, between political and holy theatre, I would easily choose the concept of theatre as temple or church, but not a Christian church; certainly a pre-Christian church and probably a pre-historic church. The movement among many American groups has been toward a Dionysian theatre, a church of community, a ritual place with celebrants, not observors. The Living Theatre certainly made that seem possible. The Performance Group sometimes achieved it in "Dionysus in 69" and at points in "Commune".

But even the roots of the Christian church have proven fertile grounds for holy theatre, as Jerzy Grotowski has proven with his Polish Lab Theatre. And in Grotowski's church-theatre the actor-priests are definitely seperated from his spectator-communicants, while for many of these spectator-communicants the theatre experience is definitely a mystic experience, an experience as mystic as the sharing of bread-flesh and wine-blood.

Peter Schumann's Bread and Puppet Theatre is also a holy theatre in a very Christian tradition. Schumann goes so far as to offer bread to his audiences and, by being open to virtually anyone who wishes to join his theatre, he allows his communicants to become celebrants and maintains the most holy aspects of both movements.

Antonin Artaud suggests that the theatre seek new myths altogether.

The trend, the aspiration, is clearly toward a holy theatre. The methods are not clear, the ideas are not entirely clear, but the direction is. And not only the theatre is moving in the direction of community and celebration, but there is also a movement among the social sciences towards a new humanism, a celebratory humanism, complete with dances and mythic drama and shaman.

In the midst of the still dominant traditional culture there is a thriving new culture that cries for community life, a communal way of living, with rituals celebrating nature through its changes of seasons, its phenomena, its fertility.

There is a movement against all war.

There is a new affirmation of holiness.

And, not to be forgotten, there is reaction. It is a reaction to the movements that are underway that makes political theatre necessary, whatever other role it may take in the revolution. Without access to the electronic media, the truth about class exploitation, racism, subjugation of women and such events as the Kent State murders must somehow be brought to the public. Theatre, being the oldest ritual of expression, offers a means to bridge old consciousness with new understanding and different groups must seek effective methods, remembering that different methods serve different needs.

There are deep divisions among those of us who made up the Free State Theatre over the methods of performance. For the moment, some of us are moving away from laboratory productions and into the streets, largely as a result of the Cambodian invasion. Though we've learned a great deal about laboratory performance, and have a great deal to learn about the streets, we feel the need for theatre is outside. We won't shun buildings or small audiences entirely, but the emphasis at this point is on the people, and the people, as someone said, are in the streets.

To learn about the streets we must look to people that have been in the streets, the Bread and Puppet Theatre, the Mime Troupe, and movement organizers; and there is still much to learn about people from groups that have done most of their work outside, such as the Living Theatre.

Even if one believes the content of the Living was somewhat naive, a paen to utopian anarchism as some critics found it, it cannot be denied that they were working with a truly revolutionary style of theatre and life, a means to reach back to tribal roots and incorporate as in "Paradise Now", a commun ity celebration without spectators. Or, rather, where the spectators are the performers and the performers are the spectators and both types of spectators are someone to learn from.

The failure of the Living was to not understand the changes in America since they first left. They developed a truly effective concept of confrontation, but the values they sought to confront were out-of-date when they returned to America after five years of exile and the Livng was not prepared to go beyond the confrontation they so skillfully provoked to a higher level of political and social action. Julian Beck never led his audiences to free any prisoners as he kept promising, probably because he didn't know how to free them either. The Living was prepared to confront old values, but not, in 1969, in post-Chicago, post-Columbia, post-Pentagon, post-Watts America, to institute change.

We are re-entrenching from confrontation in America right now. There are few who would emulate the Catonsville Nine and wait fifteen minutes for the arrival of the police. Terrorist bombings and the new underground that has provided a home for H. Rap Brown, Mark Rudd, and Susan Saxe signal a new mood. Though there will continue to be confrontations and demonstrations, confrontation, even peaceful confrontation, seems to mean jailings and beatings; action, including bombings, seems to mean freedom to act.

That has to be related to theatre.

It can be done.

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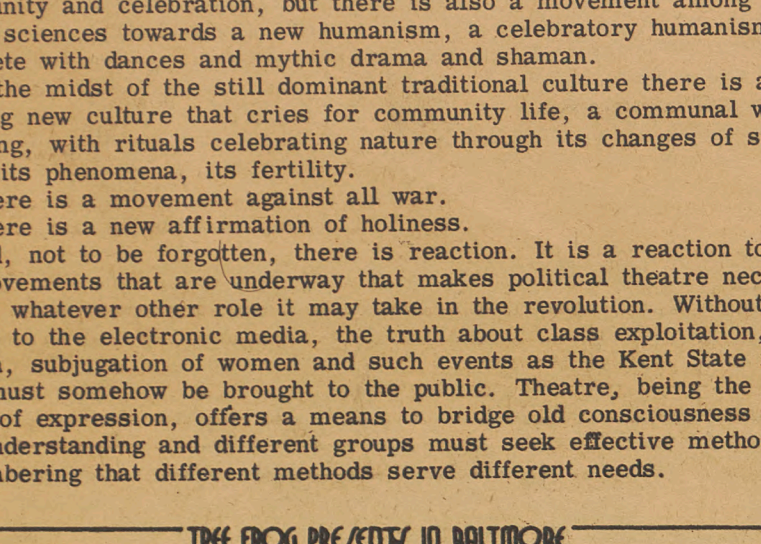

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Larry Siegler

Eternal Skylight
eternal
Me
Tears of Elas
ticity,
Cosmic waves from
Jupiter
Come, Come
Come with me on
My Pleasure Trip
filled with cardboard faces
and
Red Ballons (my wind-blown chariot)
I'll paint the world for you with
water-coloured
Rain
Bows-
There is only Pleasure
in the plain of
se
nses
when you get your intellect
steamRolling,
like thinking your an
ice-Breaker
Break-Ice
Icebreaker.
Tell people your verses,
You have one verse
and only one.!
Find verse!
Find rhythym!
there is only one Rhythym,
only one light as I have said,
and it shines through every
solid grey sky
that
drifts from town to
town.
You are not waiting,
I am not waiting,
We are not waiting,
Why!
There i
s
Nothing awaiting us! when
symphonies play through
My ears from my soul,
Heaven is so holy-
There is not one star that does not cry
for you-
Speechless sun today colored RED!
Bonedry Bones
frifitng off to see.

Everything is a moment Movie
fixed by the circles of life.
find your time in the
Star blasting dusts of eternity-

There is only one Time
Eternity!

Mountain lips
Whisper
Scriptures
to show people
The Spirit
has nothing to hide.

Though the Paradox
is unfolding never-endingly
from
you---

As your stance
is sl/anted
forward,
and your ground
too near, to know

For you crie so
helplessl
y
I wish you would
let
go.

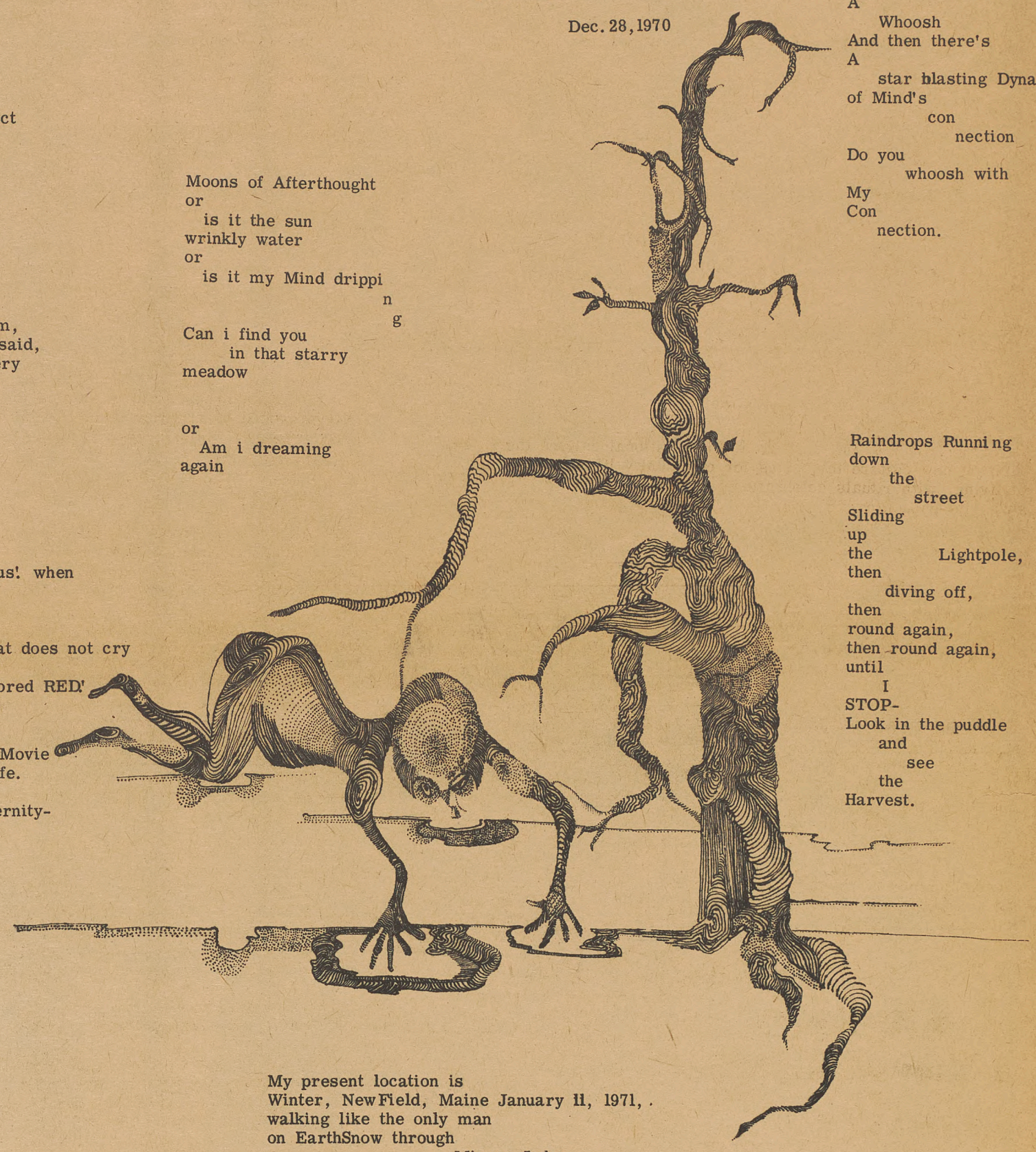
I was surprised
at the way
you woke me this
morning

I felt your
gentle
fingertips run over
my face,
as if you were
skating over ice
it felt so good and gentle
i thankyou, Mother
for inviting me into the
day
so gracefully.

Dec. 28, 1970

Moons of Afterthought
or
is it the sun
wrinkly water
or
is it my Mind drippi
n
g
Can i find you
in that starry
meadow

or
Am i dreaming
again



My present location is
Winter, NewField, Maine January 11, 1971, .
walking like the only man
on EarthSnow through
Mirror Lake
with Athena- it is so tasteful-
the spaces filled with as
white a snow,
as the sky
could lend us
and not one bit of innocence
marks my footsteps, because I
have learned it is no stance
for living,
for the echoes of dogs
bark too loud from cross
the lake
where I will rest myself-
Mirror Lake Farmhouse
sits just too heavy
Red in the snow
White covered top
a stage-coach rest stop
with its dated sign 18 hundred
and 24
hanging over the
wooden porch floor,
haunted with ghosts who
turn on television sets and
play monopoly in the
junk infested cellar.

People are bones
and bones are
con
nections
And then there's
A
Whoosh
And then there's
A
star blasting Dynamo
of Mind's
con
nection
Do you
whoosh with
My
Con
nection.

Raindrops Runni ng
down
the
street
Sliding
up
the Lightpole,
then
diving off,
then
round again,
then round again,
until
I
STOP-
Look in the puddle
and
see
the
Harvest.

I must steer the wheel
for this New Year's turn
slightly for the wind-filled tree tops
and Abott Mountain-
and there is not one crack
that finds its way into the
silence of this land.
Too Long,
Too Long, I've been away.
I'm driving my mind too fast, it
being whiplashed by the Historical Flashes
of My Life and
Yours-
but all will be sitting
under the maple tree, tomorrow
with the wind playing
Fiddle
and snow play'n
Bells
and My Life
Tuning
Up.

Photograph by John Gossage

Kathy Hay and Jonathan Meader

Photograph by John Gossage

Sonny of the "Spaniels"

WOODWIND SAMPLER No. 2

(1) Paulina Montgomery
(2) Jan Heissinger
(3) Roberta
(4) Allison Smith
(5) L. A. Siegel
(6) Patsy Lynch
(7) Sandra Reiff
(8) Larry Blonder
(9) Steve Schoenbaum
(10) Nell Corry
(11) April
(12) Richard Steward

piering--- (8)

sitting at the Englewood pier
watching shimmers
fall on the water
naturally
counting lights
on the George Washington Memorial Bridge
2 peopleconnected by lips
and the water smiles approvingly

a place where old men
come to spend
a day
sitting by the carbage
watching
vending machines empty
talking to yellow jackets
and asking Englewood policemen the
time

old men come here daily
to die
and i stand here at night
living once

Nite Bus (5)

Amorphous shapes whoosh
loomingly by in the dark

Neon lamps glob lumping in groups
strobing out the beat of
the vicious night

A pulse thump

A coagulating flow

A rubber glove is my eye
ball catching the
globules as they stream by
the tinted glass plate

Which protects me from the
pathogens of the Life
out there

Whirr blurr I see double
images---superimpositions
on my retina.

What an insult!.

Grown -up (9)

What are you going to be when you grow up?

A park bench sitter, living other lives,
Playing lying pasts, unknown temptations.
Shielded from the warm spring sun
By a faded blue overcoat.

A front porch rocker, listless and tired;
Weary and worn, wistfully wandering
Lost insoothing rock of womb
And monuments nearly built.

A pigeon feeder, nursing lost children.
Hungry passions starved by static seasons
With masked emotions transmuted.
Grateful birds can't see time's scars.

Lost in illusions of Death.
Clinging to my own visions
Of passed aspirations.
Who knows I'm still alive?

(12)

softly quietly like a
night dream
morning comes
the earth wakes
obscures by
a sea of azure mist
the air like ten thousand
shimmering sapphires
lingers like the sweetness
of a pear
and
far off
I see the
ghost of a sycamore

1 (8)

in bed
smelling her hair
greased in place
with a safety pin keeping her pants from opening
closed
the smell is there
her face is covered with glasses
reflecting poor eyesight
and i am caught
in her banlon blouse
between the second and third buttons
peaking out from behind the darkness
looking for an opening
the wet mouth
surrounded by fat lips
used forkissing
slim-lipped Jewish boys
who have lost their way
to synogogue
someone ate the bread crumbs
and its been a long time since
i was a cubscout.

(12)

Alone within this world
of dead cold silence the
frozen landscape with snow, at
dusk
frosts my mind
thinking is the best way
to travel
and I yearn for the
warm fertile seas of life
But I like icicle
exist here growing shorter
as sun goes higher
but somewhere in a
land of Hyperboreans
the air is filled with
the sweetness of liliacs
and a warm breeze
waves poplars

(6)

Why do I laugh ...
a lonely child cries
a tattered old woman dies
the unemployment line grows
why do i laugh...
(new set of clothes-credit is great)
cupboards are bare
the heating broke down
landlord raised the rent.
why do i laugh...
trash-covered street
watch out for rats!
busted windows..hidden faces peering out
violent silence-black and white
i laugh
there are no more tears.

Equinox (2)

A season on its turning reveals
each bright,
each sombre,
each consummate timbre
of your face.

I do not seek the more-
the less; between the being
and the becoming
lies no caesura.

The seasons turning
out of time
give no lie to
your beauty,
nor to my speechless watching.

(4)

On Monday
I thought I was dying
you see
But this man
He got drunk
and his milliondollar lady she
was coming back oh mama he was scared
and the train it was coming fast.
and loud and jerky.
so
FUCK that mam fuck.
And he sat down in the bathtub
with no special gun
and stopped. I thought I was dying

Claridad - a translation from Leopolde Lugones (2)

Stretched even with the fields, the
gigantic arc of day
streaks with virile arrows
the poplar rows.

In the poplars, tremulous as water,
laughs the fine light,
gilding them in childish delight.

To Raquel and Linda of Buffalo (3)

Two girls walk quietly
Children they are.
Eleven or twelve,
I suppose,
Perhaps only ten
They walk along
Oblivious
Of the Good Humor Man
And the Puerto Ricans talking
And the smells of the Italian Sausage Shop
They are only conscious of
Each other's Friendship
And the way the smokey air
Halos the red-orange setting-sun.

(10)

These are the stone men:
Artists of deceit
Creators of lies
And sculptors of cruelty.
You will know them
When you see them
And so they cannot harm you.
Look into their eyes:
Eyes that are blind windows
Hide loveless souls.
Their faces are like bleak mirrors
Reflecting kaleidoscopic visions,
A colorless panorama
Of the squalor in their abject minds.
Yet stone men cannot cry
Like other men who weep
When they find something sadder
Than themselves.
Stone men cry only for themselves -
and their tears drop
Like a thousand pebbles
-Gravel of greed and loneliness-
Brief pellets of indifference
That soon disappear.

Lovers of women they
Will caress you gently
With their fingers of pain.
I have felt their touch
And you may feel it too.
But they can share no love,
They can know no passion,
Save their desire, and their sorrow.

-orange poem (11)

orange is a
sweet popsicle
moon
in October
leaves falling silent
bedspreads
and flowered sheets
in my room
for improvement
my friends'
tissue paper
that sticks
to the sky
at sunset
orange smiles

-Goodbye (11)

you never trusted me...
i know that now...
you never realized that
no matter what
i would not hurt you...
you never saw that
i did not want to rob you
of your freedom...
you never saw me...
and i'm sorry - somehow
it seems to point out my own
inadequacy
more than your blindness...
it's going to be hard
to look at the same, everyday
things and not love them
because you see them too...
getting used to losing you
is going to be like
losing you all over again
many times a day...

BEGINNING WITH... (7)

number
number
number
number
number
number
number
number
number
number
number
number
number
number
number
number
number
number
number
numb

JULY, 70 (4)

Someone came over today and
sat on my porch. He talked
about plants and played with
the cat. I thought about
going to sleep and picked at
the paint. You'll have to go
now, I said. I've got to paint
this thing again. So I got
up and went inside and he put
down the cat and ran away.
There were people sitting in
a circle in the living room.
You'll have to go now, I said.
You're sitting on my paint, you
know. So they said something
like alright and left. I
watched them through the screen
door until they were completely
gone. Then I locked the door
and went out back to this field
where there is usually a lot going
on.

Song of the Runaway (1)

I listened to my elders talk
about the lovely flowers
they had planted by the walk,
of which each firm bought brick
was built to last,
Making my way
easier as I passed.
I stole by night
and tore to shreds
the gentle bushes
in their flower beds.
The bricks I piled
into a broken mess,
then sneaked down
the lane of loneliness.
Never have I gone
home again.
Better I suffer my
own peculiar pain!

(11)

Dangling
somewhere between
pensive
&
giddy
i think of you
&
am suddenly
both...

A Poem for Bruce (3)

I would rather play Music
Than write a Poem
For you.

My poetry is not beautiful
But Music is.

Psalm (2)

Because I have not wandered in
seaward lands for you,
not borne your name to
ringing stone and desert,
I will speak the daily praises of your
face and hands,
of our contigous afternoons,
and document all praising with a sigh.

photo by Berle Cherney

ALL THAT IS VALUABLE IN HUMAN SOCIETY
DEPENDS UPON THE OPPORTUNITY FOR
DEVELOPMENT, ACCORDED TO THE INDIVIDUAL

ALBERT EINSTEIN - Sept. 15, 1933

THIRTY-SECOND BIENNIAL EXHIBITION

OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PAINTING

THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

FEBRUARY 28 — APRIL 4, 1971

WASHINGTON, D.C.

JAMES A KELLEY

Estes, MACHINIST, 1968-70

RICHARD ESTES

Quite a hand, Sir.
Quite a fine hand.
I thought it to be a photograph
Ftom afar, but now I see
It tisn't, tis it.
Quite remarkable, really?

EDWARD MOSES

Edward Moses should be counting his toeses.
I've seen the same on a slide of a worm's bladder,
Hoses.

DAVID NOVROS

David Novros, the puzzle man,
Washed his canvas ina frying pan,
And waits for you to figure it out!

Saul, PINKVILLE, 1970

CLYFFORD STILL

A Red, a Mint, Bird of tomorrow
Come sit lovely in my leave.
My branches are strong
No weariness in me,
Clyfford comes often
To sit on my knee.
And the sun sprinkles Love Dust
To help me feel free...

PETER SAUL

Ole Peter Saul is a scary olde soul;
He's seen some mighty tough times somewhere.
I bet he could spit in a pile of shit
And you couldn't see it by light of day!

DAVID STEPHENS

David Stephens must be a tall man?
To hang his old canvas sraps on the
ceiling, if he could?

JOE GOODE

Goode ole Joe throws his pictures to the wind,
Watch as they fly away...
Oops, there's one by itself, hey,
My, my, it's a hole in the sky...

SAM FRANCIS

Green Green is quite a machine
But just what makes it go.
With an untitled right, clean outasite
Sam Francis had a show.
It's too bad to be figured out
And not so impressive at that,
But if you just let it go
(Andy the Australian sea gnu
Had halitosis Harry for lunch).
And take it all slow...
Would it work if the walls were black?

PHILIP PEARLSTEIN

I have a friend who will
Compete to the end
With nudes similar to yours.
They're fine on display,
But what do they say?
Except ,"C'mon Alfred, take your
Clothes off and relax."

Pearlstein, RECLINING NUDE ON GREEN COUCH, 1971

FRANK LOBDELL

Frankie boy came dancing
Densely lightly into town.
You take my hand
And we'll strike up the band,
And I'll send my niece
To draw you a clown!

ALEX KATZ

Mighty big friends you have,
Mighty big, Sir, I must say.
Too bad you're so small, instead of big and tall,
Or maybe they wouldn't play with you at
All then, anyhow?

Katz, VINCENT, 1970

RICHARD JACKSON

Richard, oh Richard, 2001 did awake.
I think I'd like to see that again,
Unless , of course, I can sit in
Your hall...
You sure do use a lot of paint...

ROBERT GORDON

Do you suppose Robert Gordon sews?
Or do you think he just stretches?

FRANKLIN OWEN

R.J.S.D.P., Dog Soldiers, Mandan
Your technique is fine and for sure
Takes time...
Say, what space ship did you come on anyway?...

Lichtenstein, MODULAR PAINTING WITH FOUR PANELS, No. 5, 1969

ROY LICHTENSTEIN

Peace through chemistry
Could blow your mind,
If you consider, once upon a time,
But to be cut up, loses its make-up
And Modular Painting with Four Panels #5,
Has to win by default.
Three Pyramids is the champion--
Dots, da da dots, dada dots--
With vibrations all around,
But when figured out, you can see fine out;
And everyone's entitled to a stensil or two.

EDWARD RUSCHA

"Meester, hey meester more beans please."
You've got it down, stop fooling around,
There's more for you to do, I can see.

SIMMIE COX

Simmie my boy, or whoever,
I've been there too
And there's a very good chance
That I'll come back as soon as
I'm through with my mind.
"But I never used sponges!?"

PETER DEAN

Peter Dean, Peter Dean,
You funny, scary rough strange
Definite ole soul.
Where has your mind been...poor boy.

ROBERT DURAN

Mr. Duran I presume, has found shelter...
In another zone close to home so
That he may sit by the fire.
Pleasant man...Mr. Duran.

WAYNE THIEBAUD

Quite a stable you have my man,
Vargas woulndn't mind,
But you seem more real, yet an
Uneasy feel...
I wish you'd let them relax once.

Thiebaud, GIRL WITH BLUE SHOES, 1968

ROBERT IRWIN

What's happened to your painting, dear Bob,
Someone's thought enough of you to rob you?
Wasn't that nice?

TWO ON THE AISLE

paul jones
ruth stenstrom

TANGO American University Open Stage

One of the challenges of this kind of play swings, I guess, on the idea of reviewer or audience; but moreso, it literally turns on the difficulty of resisting academicism and being rather a part of the audience, humoring your humors, letting your language fit the experience, laughing at the laughable, seeing with your whole sensibility.

I succeeded, I hope, in seeing this play from my own seat, from my own physical and mental perspective. This in a way is a way of pre-defending myself, yet really not, if a reader can accept the fact that his reaction to what I say, whether a judgment or an action, mus depend on his relationship to me through the medium of language and the compromise of our own intentions, the latter a moot point if only because I entend to see a play for different reasons than you might.

Yet, this play happens to draw the gross judgmental reaction from me; the situation is itself large-scale opposition of extremes, one the seemingly good, groovy, reasoned, yet at the same time, acutely mystical (language seems to be the real reason for most things.); the other extreme the grossly impassioned desire for order out of the personal extension into his social sphere. For all of the pedanticism of the last words, the play started on this level; the characters were not as yet characters, as much as they were the pinpoints of stereotypes needing a little humanity. This is not to be construed as a criticism. For it set up in my mind the diea then proceeded to illustrate it, glowingly.

The stage, cluttered with age's paraphernalia, all of the sentimentalia of both feeling and forgetfulness, then gradually populated by the unregulated housekeeping of some un-named, yet possible family: the paradigm of free love, free everything, when all of a sudden Arthur, the son, becomes himself as the reactionary in the group instead of, proverbially, his parents. This twist itself, sets the stage for some of the seeming absurdities which happens. The play takes a strange twist at times, with almost macabre scenery, the old woman deciding to die and almost no notice taken; yet the theory which accepts this is not so uncommon anymore.

Everything which seems uncommon in the play is the product of its extreme nature seen in a "family" frame of reference. Stomil argues with his son on the virtue of order and goals, the son being the acceptor of the virtue; his mother is involved in an overt relationship with some other man, Eddie, an apparent servile, but father seems not to notice; but when everyone is made to notice what he is not looking at for some reason, the characters begin to develop, to mellow into their wishy–washyness, their fears, and a kind of all hell breaks loose.

Arthur wins out for a while, order is established, all of the forms are observed; but like in any democracy established on singular power, not everybody is of the same mind.

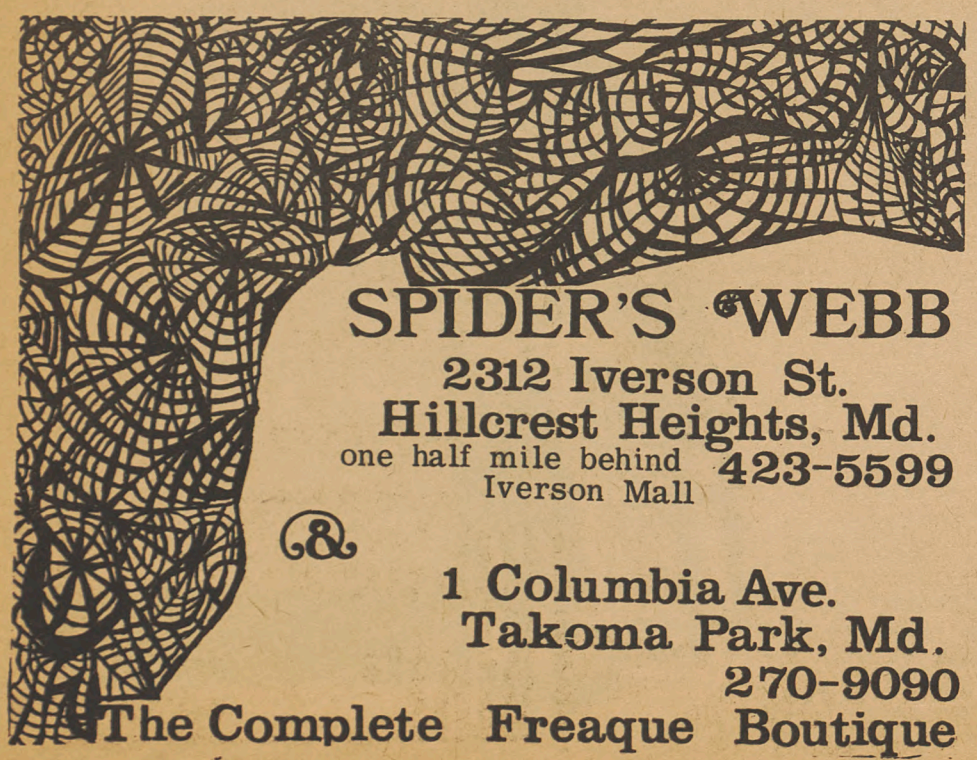
Like books opening up to our interest, perhaps a bit slowly at first on first reading, the actors crawl out from under the rugs, come from walls, appear nonchalantly from every nook and cranny to fill my vision, yet eventually draw their own interest in their rise into characters, at the loss of abstract cocoons.

The apparent warping of the play at times is perhaps my own jump at a realization of the actual possibility of what is presented, the views, reactions, and actions of the characters. The slowness, especially at the end, is a correctable timing difficulty either by me in my own eye, or by the characters on the stage.

I was so amused. No part of the play lacks entertainment, which is not to exclude the provocativeness of it either. Hopefully they are the same thing at the best moments. Tango, I am not somehow able to relate, for it is basically a rather demanding experience, not so experimental as outside of our regular vision, as radical as that may be, but I am not somehow able to relate details; the idea is frightening, it is to be avoided, yet is fascinating, like a practical joke. From a practical joke we all learn something of ourselves.

Yet laughing seems not be enough. We will all have children sometime, somehow; the education of yourself to that child is a subject not to be taken lightly. Here it is not, as funny as it seems.

Tango. Open Stage. Dumbarton Methodist, Georgetown.



THE WEB AND THE ROCK at Washington Theatre Club

If you thought that soap opera has gone to television to die, then you haven't seen the world premiere of THE WEB AND THE ROCK at the Washington Theatre Club. Written by and starring actress Delores Sutton, the play attempts to capture both the essence of Thoma Thomas Wolfe's autobiographical work of the same name and the details of his long love affair with Aline Bernstein, a theatrical designer who was not only married, but also 18 years his senior.

But Davey-Marlin-Jones' direction fails to evoke the literary sense suggested by the play and Miss Sutton's work takes on the genre of a "woman's" play--somewhat romantic but generally over sentimental.

The play starts miserably at the funeral of the young author George Webber at which theatre designer Esther Jack is excluded by George's mother, presumably because Esther is Jewish. With this sudsy introduction, we are catapulted back to the shipboard acquaintance of the two and on to their subsequent romance.

Miss Sutton as Esther Jack is a woman with a technique of grace and charm that ultimately confounds her believability in the role. She is indeed a gracious, laughing woman--but she says her lines and emotes as directed before either feeling or meaning her actions. And many times you are in doubt about how she really feels at all. She has a lofty approach which hardly approximates the reality that she was indeed Webber's mistress. Her chin, constantly tilted upward to convey stage presence, poise and strength, seemed to keep her head above the clouds- away from the stormy quality of her love affair. In many ways, Miss Sutton has structured the role to upstage the significance of Thomas Wolfe (George Webber), played by Canadian actor Stephen McHattie. He convincingly conveys the youthful bursting energy, yet doubtful broodiness of the writer and a boisterous nature. Yet he seems to play the role on the same, almost shouting level and one misses the quiet-considerate part of his nature which could have added richness and depth to the character.

The play itself is generally a C+ attempt. The cat-and-mouse courtship of the two, while at times a bit forced, is generally interesting. But after the first act, one experiences lethargy. There is no suspense or meaningful conflict, the meat of drama, to carry your interest. Passages from Wolfe's work which are included are recited with well-trained elocution--but either are too flowery and inappropriate or poorly interpreted for the audience. There is a belabored use of the metaphor of the young author as a sea-monster--delivered or saved, so to speak, by Esther only to eventually return to the depths of the sea.

While one does get a flavor of their courtship, the play feebly gives one an appreciation for the long affair that followed. An oasis in the second act is Esther's allusions to her good cooking to lure Webber back after a heated argument.

The emotional impact is further minimized by quick scene changes which abruptly cut into the atmospheres that are created.

Ruth Maynard as George's mother gives a good characterization--but the tensions between mother, son and mistress, never fully materialize. J.S. Johnson as Esther's acquiescent husband was well-portrayed, but a bit nebulous. Would anyone be that understanding of his wife's extra-curricular affairs?

The stage setting and sound were below par and often awkward.

One leaves the play feeling that they have only seen the top of the iceberg of what must have been an exciting romance between two vital people. The general audience may be satisfied with this kind of treatment, but I certainly wasn't.

RS

WALTZ OF THE TORREADORS at Theatre Lobby

What happens to the philanderer when he's too old to philander? Such is the dilemna of General St. Pé as he tries to contend with his bitchy, bedridden wife; the woman who has been waiting for him for 17 years and any other desirable "filly" who happens his way in Jean Anouilh's THE WALTZ OF THE TORREADORS, directed by Raynor Clark at Theatre Lobby.

While the overall effect of the production is pleasant and hu morous, several weaknesses tend to detract from the full force of Anouilh's expert comedy.

The main shortcoming is a general lack of an atmosphere of believability. With the exception of St. Pé's wife, marvelously portrayed by Patricia Krane, and his 'unconsumnated' lover of 17 years Mlle. de Ste-Euverte, played by Martha Gibson, it was difficult to imagine the characters as real people in real situations. Thus, much of the potential humor of the play was lost, and our laughter responded more to the lines and the contrived subplots, rather than the characterizations. Well-paced lines substituted for believability. This is especially true of Frank Aker's interpretation of the General. His characterization is in many ways too sophisticated and crafty to justify the weakness inherent in his inability to divorce his wife (for over 17 years) in order to requite the love of Mlle. de Ste. Euverte. His acting verges on being too technical and controlled.

Patricia Krane, however, doesn't hold back from showing us a whiney tyrant, faking paralysis and illness in order to hold her husband--merely for the sake of possessing him. Her conniving games, well-timed heart attacks and suicide attempts are convincing keys to her personality as a once-famed opera star, who can no longer hold her husband (much less his love) by her boks alone.

Martha Gibson, as the faithful spinsterlike other woman who has retained her maidenhood for the General, since they danced the Waltz of the Torreadors at a ball and fell in love at first sight, has a forthright, steadfast sense of purpose that is amusingly conveyed as she finally finds a way to end her life as a single woman.

Mark Robinson, as the General's clerk, nicely captures the naivete and yet the eye for women which will eventually give the General some competition.

What appears to be a innovation at Theatre Lobby is the use of a moveable set---admittedly a bit crude, but very functional--designed by Chris Arnold. Also adding to the 1910 atmosphere of the play was the effective costuming by Sue Recce.

All in all, it's a fair to maudlin production of a good play.

RS

This chapter is reprinted, with permission, from
SHARDS OF GOD, A Novel of the Yippies...
by Ed Sanders, Grove Press, 1970, 179pages, $5.00 (hardbound)
a review of the book appears

ORGY

OF THE

SAUCEROIDS

ED SANDERS

At last our mission was over and we broke open our sealed escape orders, preparing to exit Chicago. From the fray, from the park, from the freak scene, the Yippies were picked up and hauled to the saucer. Hurrahs! resounded from the ladders.

The atmosphere aboard the saucer was jubilant. Jewels and rubies were being thrown about like confetti. Liquor and dope and glasses of hallucination mist were immediately served. Needless to say, the Council of Eye Forms was overjoyed also. Excited bug wraiths walked around rubbing their mandibles together in glee. "Humphrey is thru! Oh boy, we're gonna get Nixon. He's so superstitious! He has to sleep sometime, you know--har hurh!"

All the kheproids laughed and squeaked. The high pitched shrieking of their mandibles really became intolerable. In spite of the din, the celebration was wonderful Poets were in abundance--Al Fowler, Bob Browing, Robert Creeley, Tom Eliot, Charles Olson, Bill Wordsworth, Robert Duncan, Hart, Ginsberg, Kit Marlowe. Right upon the diamond rungs the freckled heinies flecked with orgybutter began to fuck. "More more more!!" --that universal cry --"More more more!! And just like the mammals of the Odyssey after danger and recent accomplishment, the princes of the Aeon made banquet.

An orgy is an orgy, you all know that. The usual acid-smeared bananas, crook-neck squashes, and white radishes were everywhere. Every room had its own closed circuit porn projector. The whole saucer was a vast labyrinth of pleasure rooms--steam rooms, saddle barns, grope vats full of the substance of your choice, anything. Even something called the James Joyce Museum of Panties, where 500,000 pairs of panties were on exhibit on special fondle-racks. Any kind of sexual partner was available--bug wraiths were in demand also animal-headed Egyptial Goddesses. Memories of Lincoln Park.

The music was unusual, a medley of Perry Como hits. One was taken aback by delicate craggy-domed saucerоids swaying intently to Mambo Italiano.

"Well Jerry, we did it!!" Dave Dellinger walked up, slapped Jerry on the shoulder.

"We sure did. Computers are great."

"What's next, Jer?" asked Piano Wire.

"Next we put our computers up against Langley and see what happens."

"Do you think we're ready?"

"We're ready."

I was to strap these on and give her a vibration job. 'Glad to, glad to," I mumbled. I got very nervous putting on the vibrators because the very sounds of the straps and the switches seemed to arouse her. Finally she grew weak with desire and fainted. I vibrated this beautiful lady for about an hour. As she grew close to culmination, every skin area I touched throbbed and rippled like a sine wave. She screamed for about ten minutes, babbling in a language it was not given to me to know. We petted and kissed for quite a while longer, then rejoined the festivities.

Thrice the ship orbited the earth before the mood became serious and Allen began singing the AUM. We all sang together. Hours seemed to pass. Akhnaton rose to talk with us:

"Each bloody head beneath the Hilton stomped America further into the unsalvable muck. But yet may she be saved when we shall have bulk-erased her blood guilt. Thou shalt practice Grail in all thy deeds, for thou art eterna. Come forward, holy cell of Man."

The conspirators walked forward and looked up into the radiant eyes of Akhnaton.

"Thou art a Conspiracy to bring the Image of God back into America."

Akhnaton lifted his arms and placed a crown of new-cut woven hemp fronds upon each head: Abbie, Jerry, Bobbie, Dave, Tom, Rennie, John and Lee; princes of the Aeon.

Naked, bathed in light, praying, tears of humility splashing the throne-plinth, they waited while Khepri approached with the Opener of the East.

Each, each selfless man of peace, each was oped in the Sacred Eye by Khepri, who stood above them and trepanned the conspirators with a laser beam of holiness.

We formed a circle, all of us aboard Zagreus-90, and stared in silence toward the center, toward the flashing Computer of Computers. Then prayed.

O God, thou who art beyond the idiot explosion of dwarf
star and nova, forgive us our senseless Earthman stupidity.
Let us go forth this day to talk, to see, to love, to feel
in order to
shape, to aid, to know
the Sharing City of God in our Time, on our Planet, in
these Dimensions.
Amen.

I might as well describe one more fuck scene. God, it was wonderful. I was talking to Elizabeth Barrett about James Dickey's prestige among dead poets when I was tapped on the shoulder. I turned and saw that it was the lady that had sought out Jean Genet in Lincoln Park.

"Gear shift," was all she said. She wiggled her shoulder forward, turned, and walked away, unzipping her dress and exposing a wildly tattooed back as she rounded the bend. I guessed, correctly, that she was desirous of box bonk.

If there is any greater need for the existence of I-mouthed saucer ladies than the gear shift blow job, I should like to know of it. The sauceroids have mouths the shape of large horizontal capital I's. When she scarfs, she acts with her wonderful mouth as if she is giving a quick demonstration of speed-shift gear positions for a racing car, slipping the pud into the various crease-slits of her mouth-I with blazing dexterity. The rapidity with which her mouth cut capers was impossible for weak human eyes to follow. I did not want to, nor could I, for she was body-pressing my face. Her vagina was not I-shaped, but it had a color scheme that makes one scrape for likeness. The closest thing to its coloring is when a child takes a set of modeling clays and mixes all the colors together into a swirling mass. This was she. I loved our oneness. But somehow I felt inferior to her, like a goatboy trying to please Demeter. I did my best.

When I came, she seemed happy. We smoked some hell weed; then she turned with her earnest intelligent eyes and said, "I think that I have given you a measure of peace."

"Yes. Yes," I said, hoping for more.

"Your turn, beatnik." She laughed at her joke. "Seriously, people from my galazy can be rubbed off." This time I laughed. "Stop it!" she said, "...You know, we have sensors all over our skin." She rubbed her breasts, tattooed with griffins like the gates to an Assyrian city, quaking with rub-thrills. "Well, I was wondering ...well if you..." she gestured toward a table where there was a pile of vibrators. Eleven in all: two for my hands, two for my feet, one for my tongue, one for my membrum, two for my kneecaps, two for my shoulders, and a large one to strap around my midriff.

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·A DIFFERENT MUSICAL STRAIN·

stephen allen whealton

COLOR, . TIME, JUNGLE, WATER
Angel S 36295

France, like any other country, has its share of individualistic composers. Three of the more recent ones share an extremely interesting disc issued in this country on the Angel label.

First, there is Charles Koechlin; the oldest and least-known of the three. Monsieur Koechlin was for many years a singular figure in French music; older than most active composers, yet as avant-garde as any of them.

Koechlin was a friend of Satie and Debussy during his youth. In addition, he studied with Gabriel Faure. From these three composers of the early Twentieth Century, Koechlin got first-hand a very strong grounding in French musical tradition. Koechlin also remained for almost all of his mature life more open to non-French musical influences than did most of his contemporaries.

Part of Koechlin's current renown in France comes from the large and very fine textbooks which he wrote on the subjects of harmony, orchestration, counterpoint, and the like. Koechlin's knowledge of other composers' music was encyclopedic, and therefore his books are extremely valuable.

Koechlin's own music is truly 'something else.' For example, one of his most ambitious works was called "Seven Stars Symphony." Astrology?? - no - movie stars, including Jean Harlow and Charlie Chaplin, both of whom were popular during the thirties when Koechlin created the score.

Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book also inspired Koechlin. In fact, he wrote a cycle of several tone-poems based upon the story-collection. It is one of these tone-poems, called Les Bandar-Log, Opus 176, which appears on the Angel record in question.

Koechlin set his tone-poem in the form of a musical joke. It is only appropriate, for in the Jungle Book, the Bandar-Log were the pretentious and silly monkeys. The composer has selected several musical styles which were popular in 'classical' music during the time when he wrote Les Bandar-Log (and are still popular today) and he has pieced together a parody of these styles.

Les Bandar-Log succeeds both as a re-telling of Kipling's story and as a parody of copy-cat composers. In addition, it succeeds simply as music. Antal Dorati and the BBC Symphony do a very good job in this complex and individualistic piece.

The youngest of the three composers on this record is Pierre Boulez. While Charles Koechlin, above, lived from 1867 until 1950, Pierre Boulez was born in 1925 and is still very much with us. His contribution to the disc is one of his earliest pieces, Les Soleil des Eau. This work, for chorus and orchestra, is conducted by the composer. It is influenced by the music of Anton Webern; fragmented, angular, expressionistic. The poems upon which it is based were written by Rene Char.

Le Soleil des Eau is a setting of poems which deal surrealistically with lizards and the like. It is a very unsettling piece of music.

On the opposite side of this disc from the two pieces by Koechlin and Boulez is a piece by Olivier Messian, entitled Chronochromie, or "The Color of Time." Like Messiaen's other recent orchestral music, it is a highly involved essay upon the basic musical material which the composer has derived from the songs of birds.

When Messiaen studied with Paul Dukas, (who wrote the Sorcerer's Apprentice) his teacher inspired him to listen always to the birds. "They are the best songsters," Dukas told his pupil.

Recently, Messiaen has returned almost single-mindedly to the bird-song as a basis for musical material. In Messiaen's case, this is important, for his musical materials are as original, as distinctive, and as complicated as anyone's.

Messiaen has written music which is heavily influenced by Indian ragas and talas; by bird-song, by ancient music of his own very peculiar and particular choosing, and by his own prodigiously original mathematical manipulations of music.

Messiaen's influence upon other composers, including Boulez, is quite considerable. His book, The Technique of My Musical Language, is a treasure-trove of unorthodox, original, and provocative notions which a fledgeling composer can digest and reformulate in his own way.

Chronochromie is very beautifully played by Antal Dorati and the BBC Symphony.

Together, these three pieces make up an interesting and diverse disc. None of the music is light; nor are the sounds immediately pleasing to the ear. On the other hand, none of the music is purposely difficult or obscure. Each composer is expressing his own distinctly individual vision, and each creates an interesting experience for the listener. I recommend this disc.

ROCKRAP

Some good concerts, some bad concerts, and the music keeps on rolling. I think ALICE COOPER could very well be my favorite group. I realize that they are best thought of as a freak show, but that, I think is too much an image of the past. The factor of their show that has gotten increasingly better over the years is their music and their fine sense of theatre. They have made three appearances around this city in the last eight months, and each time they seem to have gotten better. When they played at the free festival down at L'Enfant Square at the end of the summer, they freaked a lot of people out and played a good show (though beset by technical difficulties). They came back again, this latest time at the Virginia Theatre in Alexandria for Barry Richards. They played to two almost full houses (the first show was sold out), and did an overpowering show. ALICE COOPER is the first band, I feel, to successfully integrate theatre into their music, not to replace it but to augment it. The emphasis and the thrust of the action is from Alice himself, who prances, preens himself, flies all over the stage, and (incidentally) delivers the songs with a strong voice and crystal styled diction. Neal on drums, Glen on guitar, Dennis on bass, and Michael on organ-guitar round out the group. They've been together since being in high school in Arizona. That's hard to believe, that all five of them came from the same high school... in Arizona! I wonder what alumni meetings are like. No matter, I hope Alice Cooper makes it as big as possible, because they certainly deserve it, and they're a fine bunch of people. Their bi-sexual rock-theatre provides some of the better rock around, and that's no lie.

Also on the bill were singer Rick Callan (formerly of Milkwood) and a new rock group (local) called the Richter Scale. Callan is just getting it together and shows promise, especially if he can find some better material to work with and develop a little more stage presence. Working acoustically, with guitar and mouth-harp, he gives off an very empathetic air to his audience. The Richter Scale I know very little about, except that they have only been together a little while, and off what I heard, they show not only promise, but much achievement already. Doing some original material (which is so important today) the group displays three excellent lead singers (the guitarist, bassist and drummer). It's rare to find good strong vocals that are also very clear, and it was sure nice to see this group get it on. The audience responded very warmly to them.

At Painter's Mill, in Baltimore, it was a case of a lousy group drawing an immature crowd and causing too much trouble for absolutely nothing. The group was BLACK SABBATH, and the less said about them the better. At one point they asked the audience to "clap your hands, stomp your feet, beat your heads against the wall, or something" I think anybody with good taste probable did the latter two out of a sense of disgust that a group that atrocious was getting such adulation and rapt attention from a crowd. The only thing that saved the evening was a long, impromptu jam by FLEETWOOD MAC, featuring the fine guitar work of Peter Greene, who was back with the group to help it finish its tour (a last minute thing).

At the Cellar Door this week, PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC is the headline act. They have a good reputation, and they do what for them must be a fairly standard show, blues, rock, soul mixed together in a personal music that they perform well. Also on the bill is JEREMY STORCH. Storch once played in a band called the Vagrants, which also featured a fat guitar player named Leslie West. Storch's style and direction is very different from Leslie's, an introspective, poetic view of the world, a gentle outlook and a quiet integration of those aspects into the music. His first album done for RCA was perhaps a bit overproduced, but he performs alone (with a piano) and comes across as a very sincere cat. It is nice to hear someone sing about simple, accepted things, like best friends and fathers, things that we too often take for granted. Storch's second album is now in the works, with a lot of the material he is doing at the Door scheduled to be on that one. It takes sensitivity to accept him, because poets have always been hard to respond to, their outporings are often frightening to have to accept. But a song or a poem is a piece of a man, and it should be as easy to accept as a handshake or a kiss. At least, one can try it.

I caught GRITS at Emergency several weeks ago, and it seems to me that they are a very promising band. Their best material is their own original stuff, such as the very fine "Jupiter Jam". They also do a lot of Frank Zappa, or if you wish, they play at being Zapped; but they also do that well, a very good indication of their musical capabilities. The makeup of the group is fairly traditional, but includes some very excellent violin work, and some occasionaly brilliant guitar work. What Grits needs is a place to be heard and feel out a crowd's reaction a little better than Emergency, and they need time. If they can survive, they could evolve into an excellent group. Right now, they are just very promising.

Trying to remember all the people coming to town and I hope that I don't miss any; BADFINGER at the Virginia on the 13th; a good-old JAMBOREE of BLUEGRASS also at the Virginia on the 14th, featuring Bill Monroe; JOHNNY WINTER & Brethren up at Painter's Mill in Baltimore, also on the 14th; QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE & Brewer and Shipley at the Palace on Monday, the 15th; the DILLARDS and Mose Henry (who used to be with the Highwaymen) open a week at the Cellar Door on the 15th (if you haven't heard them, believe me, they are just great); SHA NA NA at Catholic University on the 21st: the best of the Hootenanies at the Cellar Door on the 21st and 22nd; and coming in the future, RICHIE HAVENS, Painter's Mill on the 28th, the BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND coming to the Cellar Door, and EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER to the Virginia.

BOOKBAG judy willis

SHARDS OF GODS, a novel of the Yippies by Ed Sanders, Grove Press, 1970, 179 pp., hardbound, $5.

DEALING or THE-BERKELEY-TO-BOSTON FORTY-BRICK LOST-BAG BLUES by "Michael Douglas", Alfred A. Knopf, 1971, 222pp., hardbound, $5.95.

It's hard to find a real novel these days. By real I mean serious; serious in its being a novel, in using the prose fiction form to shape the expression of personal emotions into a unique point of view. In this context the novel seems to have the same potential for being an art form as poetry and the visual and performing arts, but today it never quite seems to make it. Maybe it's because it has become such a popular mode of expression that novelists are tempted --- tempted by the book publishers whose interest is in sales, not art--- to entertain and instruct rather than illumine. I do mind instruction, though I don't mind entertainment. But to succeed for me, a novel has to have something more. Michael Douglas's DEALING doesn't have it. Sander's SHARDS OF GODS has something more --- it has imaginative language as well as flights of fantasy and saucers --- but that's still not enough.

With these preconceptions and reservations stated, let me go on to say that I'm reviewing these two novels at the same time not because they are comparable in style or form, but because they are both about that boon to American industry, the youth culture. DEALING, with its Tom Wolfesque alternative title and its combined authorship --- a collaboration between Michael Crichton, author of the ANDROMEDEA STRAIN, and his younger brother, Douglas--- is no doubt destined to be an "in" book. Our little more than a month, it is already a selection of at least one book club. DEALING is a youth book aimed not at youth, but at explaining young people to their elders. This is probably why the story seems to take so long getting started. The authors probably rightly, feel it necessary to define slang expressions and certain ways of thinking. For instance: "I pulled out my own little traveling stash, rolled a joint, and blew it trying to relax." If the book were aimed at people who smoked pot, rather than at those who still disapprove, it would be superflous to tell them that Peter Harkness, who is in an uptight situation, was smoking to relax.

Another example of this type of exposition: "...narcs have achieved a certain hard-earned prominence in the mythology of dope smoking. They're cast as relentless, evil, and throughly mindless cogs in the great machine of repression."

An entire chapter of four or five pages is given over to explaining how a nice boy like Harkness gets into a nasty business like dealing. He is, after all, a Harvard student from an upper-middle or maybe even lower-upper class home with two parents who are still married to each other and who love him.

Then there are a couple pages explaining that "the mob" doesn't deal grass because buyers don't get hooked on it; the mob is only interested "in shit that gives you a habit." The authors have the grace to put into Harkness's mind the words: "i had heard it all before. Anybody who was into dealing had heard it all before."

Some of the explanations are more successful in hitting the reader who needs it over the head: " 'Like these dudes who try to sell you a lid and say 'drink it as tea'--- all that means is they're pushing some ragweed cut with meth, and you aren't going to buy their crummy lid, right? Right. You know that, and I know that, but some high school punk isn't gonna know that, and he's gonna go home and fix himself up some tea, and if he does it often enough he's gonna have a speed habit. Too much, huh? This country has a potential drug nightmare on its hands, and the pigs are busting their balls to keep it going. All the time telling the straight mommies and daddies what a good job they're doing, keeping dope out of the kiddie's hands, when actually they're responsible for hooking more little ignorant brats on more kinds of shit than you can even think of. It's too much.'"

I'd like not to say something about the authors' use of commas. But I got to. Ordinarily I dont give a damn about punctuation. You can write with none. Don't put periods at the end of your sentences and see if I care---as long as it doesnt detract from what you're saying. But the first section of this book is hard enough to get through without having to stop for a comma every three words for no good reason. It's written as if the authors were afraid a grammarian was going to go over their book with a red pencil and they would loose points for every place she found she could stick a comma where they hadnt. Probably the stylistic trouble stems from there being two writers. I guess the only way to make the novel stylistically consistent was to go by the grammar book, thus making it stylistically correct, but mediocre.

Here I am all hung up on commas when I wanted to tell you about the plot. THE PLOT: Peter Harkness, Harvard student and grass dealer, is busted in Berleley on a bum rap by a narc who usually operates in Boston but just happens to be in Berkeley at the same time as Peter. The narc can't make the rap stick so he kicks Peter in the balls. Back in Boston, the same narc busts Harkness's girl. But Harkness has found out that the narc deals the grass he gets when he makes the busts. And the plot thickens.

There is a moral to this story, but I'm not sure what it is. It is not a plea for tolerance of the whole drug culture, for one of the antagonists is a speed freak, and Harkness and friends sneer at speed freaks. The authors want to make it clear that they are sympathetic only to marijuana. Yet the message falls short of an argument for the legalization of marijuana. It is rather, yes, straight mommies and daddies, your kids may be smoking and selling grass, but so are the narcs. So---so what?

To me this is an unnecessary book which I won't be surprised to see turn up as an unwanted movie.

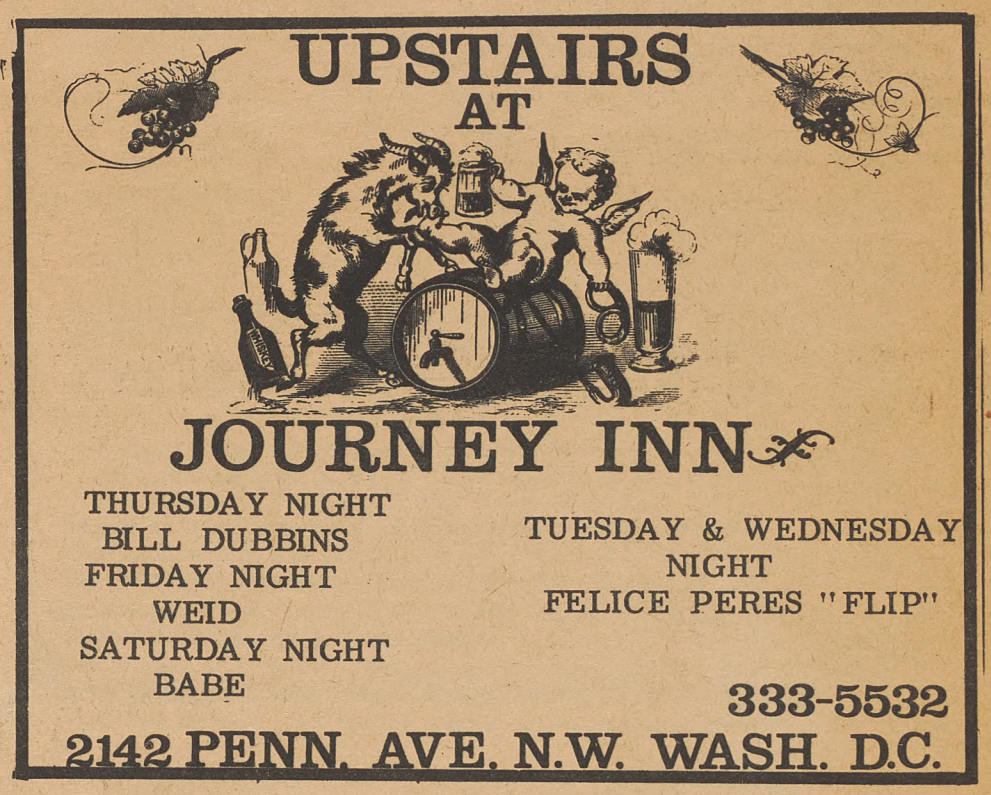
The same people who enjoy DEALING, won't be able to make heads or tails out of SHARDS OF GODS. In past incarnations, Sanders was proprietor of the Peace Eye Bookstore in Greenwich Village and publisher of "Fuck You/A Magazine of the Arts," and the leader of the Fugs. He has been yipping around a long time, and I really liked this latest of his yelps.

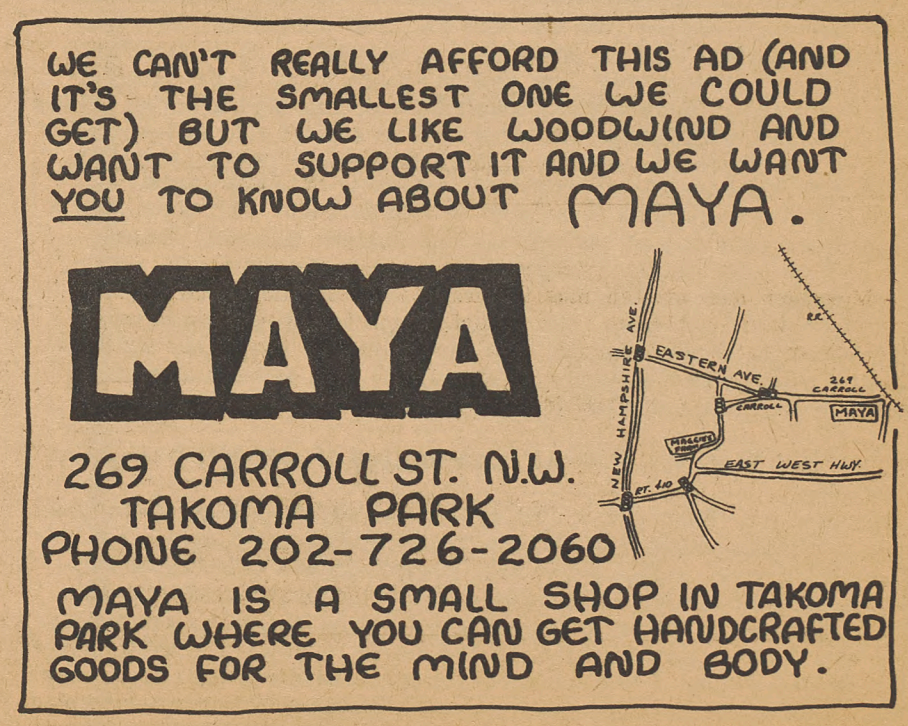
Sanders writes like a stoned poet; the pages of his novel bounce with verbal psychedelia. What's more, this is a very funny book. The first chapter, especially, I found hilarious. In fact I had to stop reading several times because I was laughing so hard. I laughed out loud less often as I got further into the book. I don't know if this was because the rest wasn't as funny or because I got used to Sander's humor.

Anyway, to give you an example of what the book is about. That first chapter is about a "hunching" contest between a robot and a character with the unlikely name of Abbott Hoffman. Abbott, or Abbie as he is sometimes calle, is the god of virility. He is on the Yippie's Yippie's side, as are all the gods. His opponent, the robot, is an air force invention. The humping match was held on a mall south of the Pentagon at noon, July 17, 1967, with Abbie victorious.

Other characters in the novel include Jerry Rubin, Keith Lampe, Paul Krassner, Allen Ginsberg, Terry Southern, Jean Genet, and a cast of thousands in the parks and streets of Chicago. Although Sanders claims the characters are real, I find it hard to believe. After all, isnt this a work of fiction? Besides, what does he mean, "real"? I mean how can we believe characters are real when the events have no credibility. All right, I can accept Abbie Hoffman's ability to fuck non-stop for six hours, Jerry Rubin's speaking to the multitudes dressed in kilts and a University of Jerusalem T-shirt, the Yippie's worshipping computers and praying to Norbert Weiner, Pallas Athena's descent and appearance in Lincoln Park to rejuvenate Abbie, even the "Orgy of Triumph with the Sauceroids"---pot-acid-speed trip aboard a flying saucer with the Yippie's galactic friends, the Eye-Forms (beings with I-shaped mouths), I can accept as real. But who would ever believe Sanders' fantasy "The Battle of the Hilton", in which a non-violent march in Chicago during the time of the Democratic National Convention is broken up by police and National Guard troops. Sanders even says that the troops were armed with "machine guns, rifles, gas pewkers, and bayonettes." It seems obvious that Sanders cannot distinguish between fact and fantasy.

And if you want to believe there's a god named Abbie and that fuzz club cameramen and kids, then I'll believe in the Eye-Forms.

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20 NEW JAZZ RELEASES

merril greene

Freddie Hubbard:STRAIGHT LIFE (CTI 6007)

This album is pure,unhyped jazz. "Straight Life " is 17:03 seconds, and covers the entire first side. Every artist on the LP gets a chance to solo: Joe Henderson begins with his tenor sax, timing his phrases beautifully; Freddie Hubbard enters with a clean,staccatto trumpet solo; Herbie Hancock on piano and George Benson on guitar follow. The pieces fit together perfectly. Jack DeJohnette,Ron Carter, and Richard"pablo" Landrum probably turn in some of the finest rhythm work in jazz. As always they have mastered the timing and the nuances of the mood and the music. The second side is"Mr. Clean ", a funky, up beat piece with some darting trumpet and noteable piano and guitar work. The final selection on the album completely reverses the mood. Hubbard and Benson alone master an old standard,"Here's That Rainy Day" with grace and simplicity. Altogether,STRAIGHT LIFE is finely put together and very listenable.

JOE FARRELL QUARTET (CTI 6003)

At last,a Rennaissance man has surfaced from the jazz studio underground and is taking a lead on his own. Joe Farrell plays tenor sax, flute, and oboe on this solo effort, all with equal ease. It seems ironic that CTI found it necessary to attach a "sell sticker" reading WITH MILES DAVIS' RHYTHM SECTION to the front of the LP. Not only is Joe Farrell capable of holding his own without the help of Miles Davic, but Chick Corea,Jack DeJohnette,Dave Holland ,and John McLaughlin are independently famous for their ability to adapt their talents to anything and invariably enhance it. The first side of the album contains "Follow Your Heart","Collage for Polly" and "Circle in the Square". Pauses between the pieces are minimal and they flow together as one. It begins with a simple straight-forward melody line presented by Farrell, rises to a collage where everyone plays different rhythms of equal importance, and ends with a driving tenor solo with fine backup from DeJohnette and Holland. The second side is "Molten Glass","Alter Ego","Song of the Wind" and "Motion". The first four pieces come off like an impressionistic painting with touches of Erik Satie. Joe Farrell plays flute and oboe, with Chick Corea doing some of his most lyrical solo work, much of it with classical overtones. The final selection,"Motion", is too abrupt a mood change ,in my opinion, it being the most abstract piece on the LP. However, this is done well,too. So, the Joe Farrell Quartet is superlative and this album is a beautiful showcase.

Bill Evans, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: Playing the Fender-Rhodes Electric Piano and the Steinway Piano. (MGM SE-4723)

Unfortunately, this album hides any talent that pianist Bill Evans may have. It is over-produced and so heavily orchestrated that it sounds a bit like the"hundred-and-one-strings" plus one. Helen Keane, the producer, made the mistake of doing a "before and after"version of a piece called "the Dolphin". Michael Leonard,orchestra arranger, and conductor,says:" The 'Before' version is as it was recorded with just the trio plus Sam Brown on guitar. The 'after' version is the same basic track with the addition of flutes,strings and percussion. While mixing them together,Helen Keane and I thought it would be a good idea to include both versions to show how it sounded originally and then what it became when we over-dubbed the orchestra. I harmonized the second chorus with flutes and a piccolo using Bill's solo line as though it were the lead flute." The only problem is that the 'Before' version is better by far than the "After".' Bill Evans has an unaffected, simple style that needs minimal accompaniment to be appreciated . The selections are not particularly outstanding, either. The album is a dissapointment because Bill Evand is capable of sensitive,lyrical work and because mismanagement in the studio ultimately lowered the quality of the music.

Yusef Lateef: SUITE 16 (Atlantic SD 1563)

In this LP, Yusef Lateef plays blues-jazz,sort of a hybrid music. On the first side he uses the sixteen-track recording machine allowing him to perform in "orchestralform". Three of the five compositions on Side One are Lateef's own and are the most appealing; the other two are standards: "When a Man Loves a Woman", and "Michelle", done well if not distinctively. Joe Zawinul plays piano, Yusef plays nearly every sort of woodwind,Kermit Moore,cello,and assorted others on viola, Fender bass,guitar,and drums. The second side is Symphonic Blues Suite in seven movements: I. Folia,II. Minuet (hybrid,atonal),III. Blues(twelve measure form)Variational Interlude,IV. Passacaglia, V. Chorale, VI. Blues(extended form),and VII. Blues,coda. The piece was composed for quartet and orchestra. The Cologne Germany Radio Orchestra is conducted by William Fischer in a appropriately restrained manner. One of Lateef's objectives was to allow both quartet and orchestra to improvise. The piece is not nearly so complicated as the movement titles suggest, and the composer admirably achieves his goal resulting in a swinging,blusey album that is thouroughly enjoyable for the more conservative jazz fan.

John Coltrane Featuring Pharoah Sanders:LIVE IN SEATTLE (Impulse AS-9202-2)

This is a new Trane LP; a two record set of recordings never previously available; recorded at the Penthouse,Seattle,Washington on September 30,1965, some of the best in jazz played with him;McCoy Tyner does some strong,fragmented accompanying and a few florid, lyrical solos on the piano; Donald Garrett's bass clarinet melted beautifully with the two sax' and Jimmy Garrisson on bass and Elvin Jones on the drums weave in and out,never merely assuming the role of the rhythm section. The two albums are never retrospective: little of the material is smooth,flowing Trane. Instead, the prevailing mood is urgency and tension, jutting pointed music that wails eerily. This is a hard album to get into, but once you accept it, it provides an introspective view of the other side of The Man.

DANCE marianne ross

What do you want when you go to a dance concert? I'll tell you what I want. I want to be lifted up out of my seat. I want to experience the physicality of the dancers by having my body set into sympathetic vibrations with theirs. In short,I want to DANCE WITH THEM. Only through sharing the experience can I share the emotion.

In only a few fleeting moments did I feel a quickening of my body out of a flaccid state during the performance of Washington Dancers in Repertory the weekend of Feb. 26-28 at the SART. This is a new group containing many Washington dance veterans, whose artistic director is the dean of Washington veterans,Ethel Butler. Their intent is to bring the work of many choreographers to the local scene.

In spite of the presentation of works by five composers, this first performance had for me a thudding sameness- few highs or lows,just one tedious medium- except for one or two moments. During Peggy Kucen's "Peter and Peggy and David and Kari",and Meriam Rosen's "Quilting" section of "Patchwork", my chin managed to pick itself up from my chest, where it had been resting.

There is an irony in the idea that a modern dance company which probably has the most collective performing experience around here (and the dancers are technically competent) should offer me less lift than some of the inexperienced college groups I've seen lately.

I thought we had come a long way over the last few years,baby. Touring companies with international reputations,like Paul Taylor,Alvin Ailey,Merce Cunningham & Alwin Nickolais have finally hooked into a large and growing Washington audience. Young people's awareness and receptiveness are being stretched by exposure to new forms (more on this in a future column).

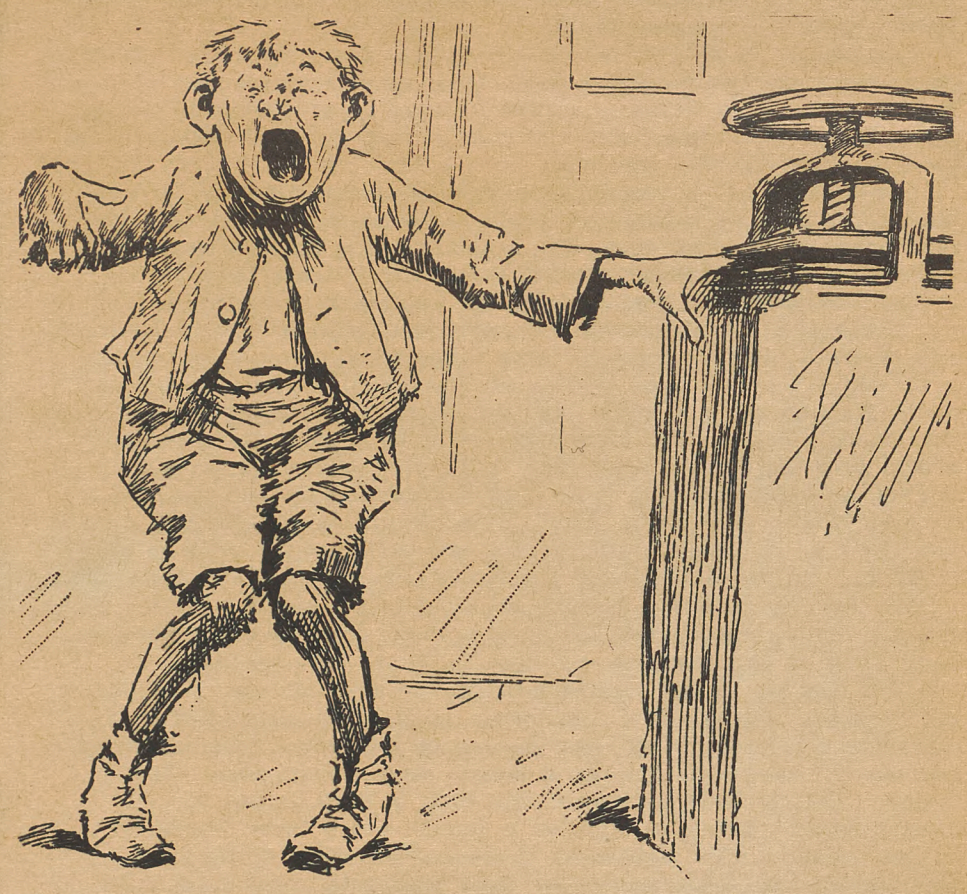
Yet this indigenous company is buried in the past. Ethel Butler,a past member of Martha Graham's company, is a pale shadow of her master (mistress?). The intense expressionism of Martha's movement inventions-contractions ,falls ,stark flexed movement- was so diluted as to be limp.

If the intent of repertory is to preserve the vocabulary of past greats, they are being done dis-service.

Young audiences being introduced to dance through this means are also being short-changed.

Which reminds me. Many students, following the announvement in the daily papers that there would be a $2 student admission,were refused tickets at the door because they could not pay the regular $4.

Eagerly anticipating Merce Cunningham on March 16&17 at Lisner Auditorium. (Tickets start at $3.75.)



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GALLERY merril greene

THE FENDRICK GALLERY

Carol Summers has an exhibit at the Fendrick Gallery. That is not to be taken lightly, for his work is in such demand that he finds it difficult to gather enough material for a one-man show. At the opening on Saturday evening, one man remarked that his pieces had a child-like quality. He failed to qualify his statement, so I must do so for him. The only sense in which they are child-like is their pure, optimistic mood; they seem to be the art of a self-contented man who has wisely learned to accept life in shades of gray rather than attempting to seperate everything into absolutes. It seems that he has managed to prevent the construction of the traditional barriers seperating the internal and the external world.

So often , the layman fails to appreciate the technical success of a piece. Many who are unfamiliar with art techniques are turned off by something that lacks what is customarily termed visual appeal. It is to Mr. Summers' advantage that his woodblocks and silkscreens are drawn to the senses; Barbara Fendrick wisely enhances them by devoting an entire wall to an explanation of the process through which the artist goes in order to achieve results.

Mr. Summers must be a relatively unpolluted human being. He is unnafected and sincere. He appeared at the opening in the same clothes in which he set up the show earlier in the afternoon, not so much because it was the cool thing to do as he probably had better things to think about. Those ideas perhaps hinge on a desire to be next to nature and free among the mountains and glaciers, under big clean skies.

Advancing on that speculation, his work reflects his desires in rhythmicflowing, massive shapes and pure brilliant colors. The dyes that he uses on heavu fibrous Japanese stock diffuse, melting into one another and obliterating any hard edges. Carol likes the deckled edges of the paper to show, and Daniel Fendrick has obliged him by mounting them on rough linen and framing them in a modified plexiglass box. Very handsome and exciting.

Whether the colors appear to be daubbed or scraped on, the ideas seem to have flowed directly from Carol's mind onto the paper, neglecting to stop for the intermediate steps. The prismatic colors and cosmic and terrestrial shapes of his most recent work make this show well worth seeing. Go in the morning--it'll put you on a high for the rest of the day.

THE JANE HASLEM GALLERY

The current exhibit at the Jane Haslem Gallery is an absorbing and impressive show of Harold Altman's art. Well-known as a printmaker, few know that he is an accomplished painter as well. The The Kovler, an exclusive gallery in Chicago was exhibiting his work when it was burned down; these paintings are some of the few that were saved.

Altman's biography supports the talents already obvious in his etchings and oils. A native New Yorker, the artist was born in 1924 and educated at Cooper Union and the New School. Altman was awarded two Guggenheim Fellowships , the Fullbright -Haynes Research Scholarship to France, the Tamarind Lithography Workshop Fellowship and the National Institute of Arts and Letters Award for $2,500. His international reputation has been enhanced by 150 one-man shows at major galleries throughout the world.

In his color lithographs, he allows the earth tones to dominate; sepias, blues, forest greens draw the eye inward. Lines and cross-hatching create the illusion of depth. Altman's lines do not define and seperate; rather, objects and figures immerge from nowhere and melt into one another. Lines simultaneously form and unite the lithographs and etchings.

Harold Altman paints well. His brushes, heavily laden with oils ranging from muted pastels to intense vibrant primaries, leave texture and richness. The artist uses a variety of brushes, taking full advantage of their width and pliability. Large , hulking figures are given individuality with gesture and stance.

Many of his pieces have a distinctly post-impressionist aura; for he works with shaped color instead of any linear definition, allowing the meeting tones to create their own edges. In this sense, his paintings and etchings are very similar.

Composition is very strong, and by involving layered colors, sweeping and staccatto brush strokes, his paintings draw the viewer into and around the canvases in directional, rhythmic motions.

Harold Altman and the Jane Haslem Gallery have a lyrical , interesting exhibit- thru March.

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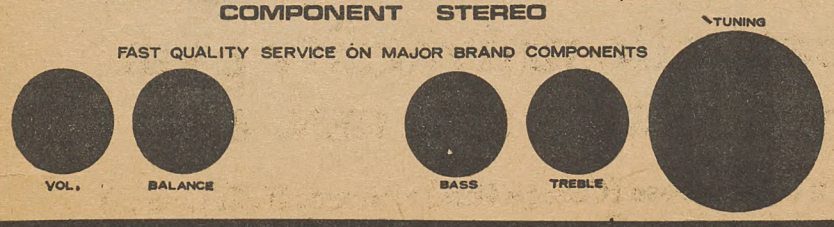

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—JUDITH CRIST, N.Y. MAGAZINE

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WHAT HAPPENS?

March 10
- Byron Janis (pianist) Howard Mitchell (conducting), Constitution Hall, 8:30.

- Pacific Gas and Electric opens at the Cellar Door through March 13.

- Blues on WHFS 102.3 (every Wednesday in March).

- Waltz of the Toreadores by Jean Anouilh at Theatre Lobbey (through April 3).

- Count Bassie with Mary Stallings, 8:00 p.m. Falls Church High School $4.00, March 11.

March 11
- Lanford Wilson's The Rimers of Eldritch, American University Theatre (Clendenen Theatre) 244-6333.

- Georgetown University - African History and Cultural Symposium; Pan Africanism, 8:30 p.m., New South Faculty Lounge, Dr. C.L.R. James, Federal City College.

March 12
- American University Theatre (see March 11th).

- Lisner Auditorium, GWU; Ballet Spectacular 628-5575.

- Open Stage - Tango - 244-6333 or 333-9634

- National Theatre - HAIR opens.

- Emergency - Asleep at the Wheel, 8:00, $1.50.

March 13
- American University Theatre (see March 11th)

- Lisner Auditorium, GWU; Ballet Spectacular 628-5575.

- Open Stage - Tango - (see March 12).

- Constitution Hall, 8:30 p.m., Yehudi Mehuhin with The Menuhin Festival Orchestra of London.

- Virginia Theatre, Badfinger, 8:00 and 11:00 p.m., $3.50 advance, $4.00 at the door.

- Emergency - Asleep at the Wheel

- Film: "King and Country" 7:00 and 9:00 p.m., Corcoran Auditorium.

March 14
- Lisner Auditorium, GWU; The Howdy Doody Show, 8:00 p.m., $1.00.

- Constitution Hall; Westminster Choir, 8:30 p.m.

- Constitution Hall; Birgit Nilsson, Metropolitan Opera, Soprano in Recital, 3:00 p.m.

- Cellar Door - Hootnanny.

- Heller Collection Exhibit Watkins Gallery; American University through the 4th of April.

- Sunday Concert: Joe Hickerson & Hazel Dickens - folk - 3:00 p.m., Corcoran.

- Concert at Emergency; $1.00, 3:00 - 5:30, for information, call: 965-5600.

- Johnney Winter, Painter Mill, 301-323-0423

March 15
- Lisner Auditorium, GWU; Lecture and Demonstration by Merce Cunningham and Dance Company; 4:00 - 6:00 p.m., $1.00.

- Constitution Hall; Boston Symphony with

- Paul Hill Chorale - National Presbyterian Center, 8:00 p.m.

- Shady Grove Music Fair; Bobby Sherman 3:00 p.m.

- Sunday Concert; Bach - Hayden - Telemann Birthday Bash, 3:00 p.m., Corcoran Auditorium.

March 16
- Kreeger Theatre; MacGowran in the Works of Beckett; mail orders only, Runs 'til March 28th.

- Arena Stage - Pueblo - 638-6700.

- Constitution Hall; Boston Symphony, Michael Tilson Thomas and Joseph Kalichstein (pianist) 8:30 p.m.

- Lisner Auditorium, GWU; Merce Cunningham Dance Company "Objects," "Signals," and "Canfield."

- Artists' Film Series; "Barnett Newman," 12:30 p.m., Corcoran.

- Lecture; The Art of Roy Lichtenstein," by John Coplans 8:30, Auditorium of Corcoran.

March 17
- Lisner Auditorium, GWU, Merce Cunningham Dance Company "Scramble," "Winterbranch," and "Tread."

- Potters House - Kathy Culp - ceramics - opening; 8:00 p.m., Columbia Road, NW

- American University Theatre (see March 11th)

- "The Renaissance of American Printmaking," by Barbara Fendrick, 12:30 p.m., Corcoran Auditorium.

- Dialogue; John Coplans and Walter Hopps 8:30 p.m., Corcoran Auditorium.

- Lecture: African Literature, Dr. D. Herdeck, GU, Mr. Ruwa Chiri, Hall of Nations, 7:00.

March 18
- American University Theatre (see March 11th)

- Film: "The Quare Fellow" 7:00 and 9:00 p.m., Corcoran Auditorium.

- Lecture; African World Development & Policies, Dr. P.C. Onwuachi, Howard University, at GU, 208 White Gravenor, 7:30 p.m.

March 19
- Lisner Auditorium, GWU, The Clancy Brothers, 8:30 p.m.

- American University Theatre (See March 11th)

- Crank at Emergency.

March 20
- Constitution Hall; Johann Strauss Ensemble of Vienna Symphony Orchestra playing the Music of Old Vienna, 8:30 p.m.

- Lisner Auditorium, GWU, Carlos Montaya guitar recital, 8:30 p.m.

- American University Theatre (see March 11th)

- Tucher Road Community Center - The Bonys.

- Shady Grove Music Fair; Bobby Sherman 7:30 p.m.

- Film, "Dear John," 7:00 and 9:00 p.m. Corcoran Auditorium.

- Crank at Emergency.

March 21
- Catholic University Gym; Sha na na and Sageworth and Drums; info; call 529-6000, ext. 498.

- Cellar Door, "Best of Hoots."

- American College Theatre Festival; Cleveland State University, "The Birds," 7:30 p.m., GWU, 800 21st St.

March 22
- Cellar Door - "Best of Hoots"

- "The Birds" (see March 21st), 2:00 and 7:30 p.m.

March 23
- Film: "The Nun's Story," GWU, Bldg C, Room 100, Shows 7:00 and 9:30 p.m. donations $.50.

- American College Theatre Festival - East Texas State University, "The Time of Your Life," Ford's Theatre, 7:30 p.m.

- Artists Film Series; "Dorthea Lange, "The Closer for Me, 12:30 p.m., Corcoran Auditorium.

- Concert; The Iowa String Quartet, 8:30, Corcoran Auditorium.

March 24
- Washington Coliseum; Ringling Bros., & Barnum and Bailey Circus, (thru April 18).

- "In the Time of Your Life," (see March 23) 2:00 and 7:30 p.m.

- State University of New York, Albany "Harry, Noon, and Night," GWU, 800 21st Street, NW, 7:30 p.m.

- "Painting," by Paul Reed, 12:30 p.m., Corcoran Auditorium.

- Lecture; Survey of African History, Prof. O. Taylor, H.U., at GU, Hall of Nations, 7:00 p.m.

March 25
- "Harry, Noon, and Night," (see March 24), 2:00 and 7:30 p.m.

- Film: "The Girl with the Golden Eyes," 7:00 and 9:00 p.m., Corcoran Auditorium.

- Lecture; Africa in International Affairs, GU, Hall of Nations, 7:30 p.m.

March 26
- Lisner Auditorium, GWU; National Ballet, 8:00 p.m., Swan Lake, Witch Boy (new) and Raymonda.

- University of Kansas - Indians, Ford's Theatre, 7:30 p.m.

- African Art and Music, Mr. Kojo Baiden Hall of Nations, GU, Contact Africa, 7:30 p.m.

March 27
- Itchy Brother at Emergency

- Film; "Me" 7:00 and 9:00 at Corcoran Auditorium.

- Lisner Auditorium, GWU; National Ballet, 8:00 p.m., Cinderella.

- Constitution Hall; Branko Krsmanovich Chorus.

- "Indians" (see March 26) 2:00 and 7:30.

- Southern Illinois University - "The Caretaker," GWU, 800 21st Street, NW, 7:30 p.m.

March 28
- Lisner Auditorium, GWU; National Ballet, 8:00 p.m., "Warm Up," "Concerto," "Baroceo," "Pas de Quatré," "Witch Boy" (new).

- Constitution Hall, Isaac Stern; 3:00 p.m. Miles Davis, 8:30 p.m.

- "The Caretakers," (see March 27) 2:00 and 7:30 p.m.

- Sunday Concert - (jazz) Music by Gene Rush 3:00 p.m., Corcoran Auditorium.

- Concert at Emergency, 3:00 - 5:30, $1.00, for info call 965-5600.

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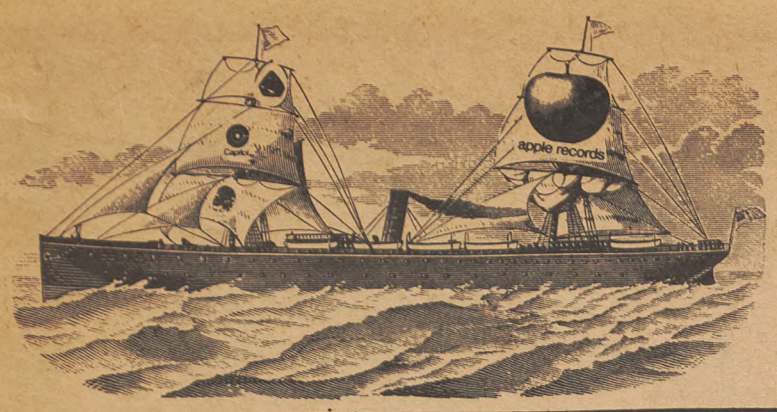

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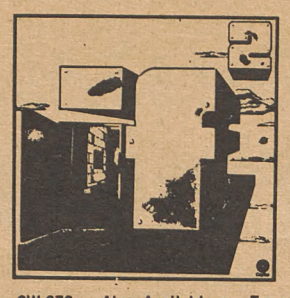

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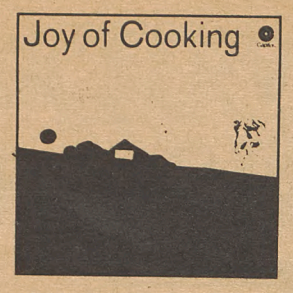

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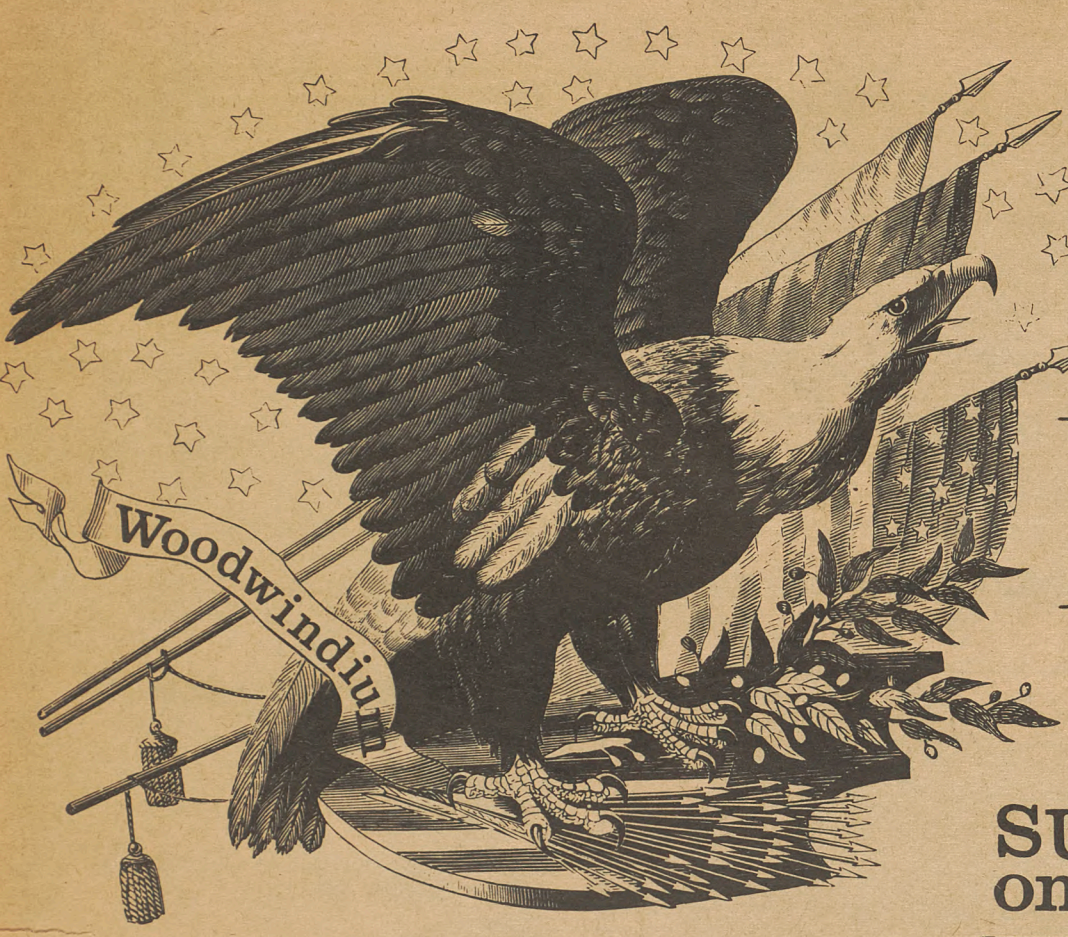

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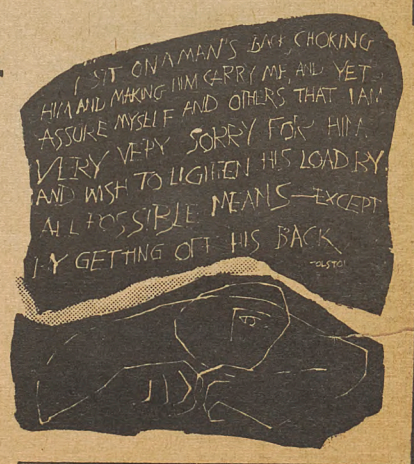
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AND WISH TO LIGHTEN HIS LOAD BY
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